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NATIONAL REVIEW

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April 23, 1963

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

A New Religious War?

WALTER BERNS

Harold Wilson's New Look

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Hang on to Your Hats

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

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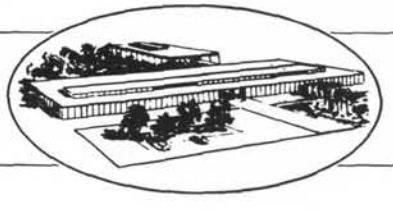

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell, James Burnham, Willmoore Kendall,
Frank S. Meyer, William F. Rickenbacker
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION: Martha Butler, Arlene Croce
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

ASSOCIATES
Frank Chodorov, D. G. M. Coxe,
Morrie Ryskind, Timothy J. Wheeler

CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, Colm Brogan, John Chamberlain,
John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Guy Davenport, A. Derso,
Joan Didion, M. Stanton Evans, Finis Farr, David Franke,
J. D. Futch, Henry Hazlitt, Aloise B. Heath, Will Herberg,
Hugh Kenner, James Jackson Kilpatrick, John D. Kreuttner,
Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn, J. B. Matthews,
Vincent Miller, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer,
Kenneth Shorey, Ralph de Toledano,
W. H. von Dreele, Richard M. Weaver,
Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

ART DIRECTOR: James W. O'Bryan
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Robert J. White
PROMOTION MANAGER: Patrick J. Gorman
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Michael M. Mooney

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Review, Inc. at 163 Pratt St., Meriden, Conn. (second class postage paid at Meriden, Conn.).

Copyright 1963 in the U.S.A., by National Review, Inc.

All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of address and undeliverable copies should be sent to:

EDITORIAL AND CIRCULATION OFFICES
National Review
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

RATES: $16.00 a year ($9.00 for the 36-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate fortnights). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

In This Issue . . .

➔ We stagger under the news of the untimely, inexplicable death of our friend, colleague, and mentor, Richard Weaver, professor of English at the University of Chicago. His old friend **Russell Kirk** writes the obituary, which will tell you something about this remarkable man, and the great pain his death means for all who knew him, and read and pondered his great works.

➔ **Walter Berns,** the distinguished political scientist who taught at Yale, and is now at Cornell, explores the prayer issues the Supreme Court is getting ready to settle, or (probably) unsettle, any day now. Mr. Berns looks the issues in the face calmly, and stresses particularly the prudential mistakes the Court is making; for which God forgive them, if you will pardon the expression. . . . **Edwin McDowell,** valiant editorial writer for the *Arizona Republic*, writes an appreciation of Pulitzer Prize-winner Morrie Ryskind, one of *NR*'s oldest contributors, who now writes infrequently for us only because he is enslaved by a vulgar, predatory, man-eating syndicate, with whom, of course, we are most happy to share him. . . . And **Anthony Lejeune** writes about the prospects for England under Harold Wilson—just exactly, some Englishmen are observing, what England deserves. But no. Nobody deserves Wilson. Not even Ghana.

➔ **Brent Bozell**, we are glad to report, is back in this country for good, and will resume his former duties. He writes, as does **Wm.** ("Envy His Rhetoric") **Buckley,** about Senator Goldwater, whom they apparently propose to run for President. . . . **Russell Kirk** knows how to get rid of good professors—treat 'em like they do at MSU (Mich. State U.). Kirk ought to know. He was once a good professor. At MSU.

➔ **Wm. Buckley** reviews the extraordinary, occasionally infuriating, breath-catchingly exciting new book by Willmoore Kendall, *The Conservative Affirmation.* It is, Mr. Buckley truly believes, the publishing event of the season, a most heroic confession since his own new book will be published next week (Arthur willing). . . . **James D. Atkinson** is professor of political science at Georgetown University, and author of *The Edge of War.* . . . **Vincent Miller** reviews Hugh Kenner's *The Stoic Comedians*, and enters one or two gentle demurrals in discussing the work of America's foremost young critic. . . . And **Francis Russell** writes his impressions on revisiting the town of Bergen Belsen, where one of the most hideous concentration camps stood. . . . Mr. Russell recently withdrew his book on Sacco-Vanzetti from the producer Dino de Laurentis, who had lined up Justice Michael Musmanno as technical adviser for the film. Musmanno's presence would almost certainly have assured a hysterical film, wonderfully useful to the Hate America forces throughout the world. ➔

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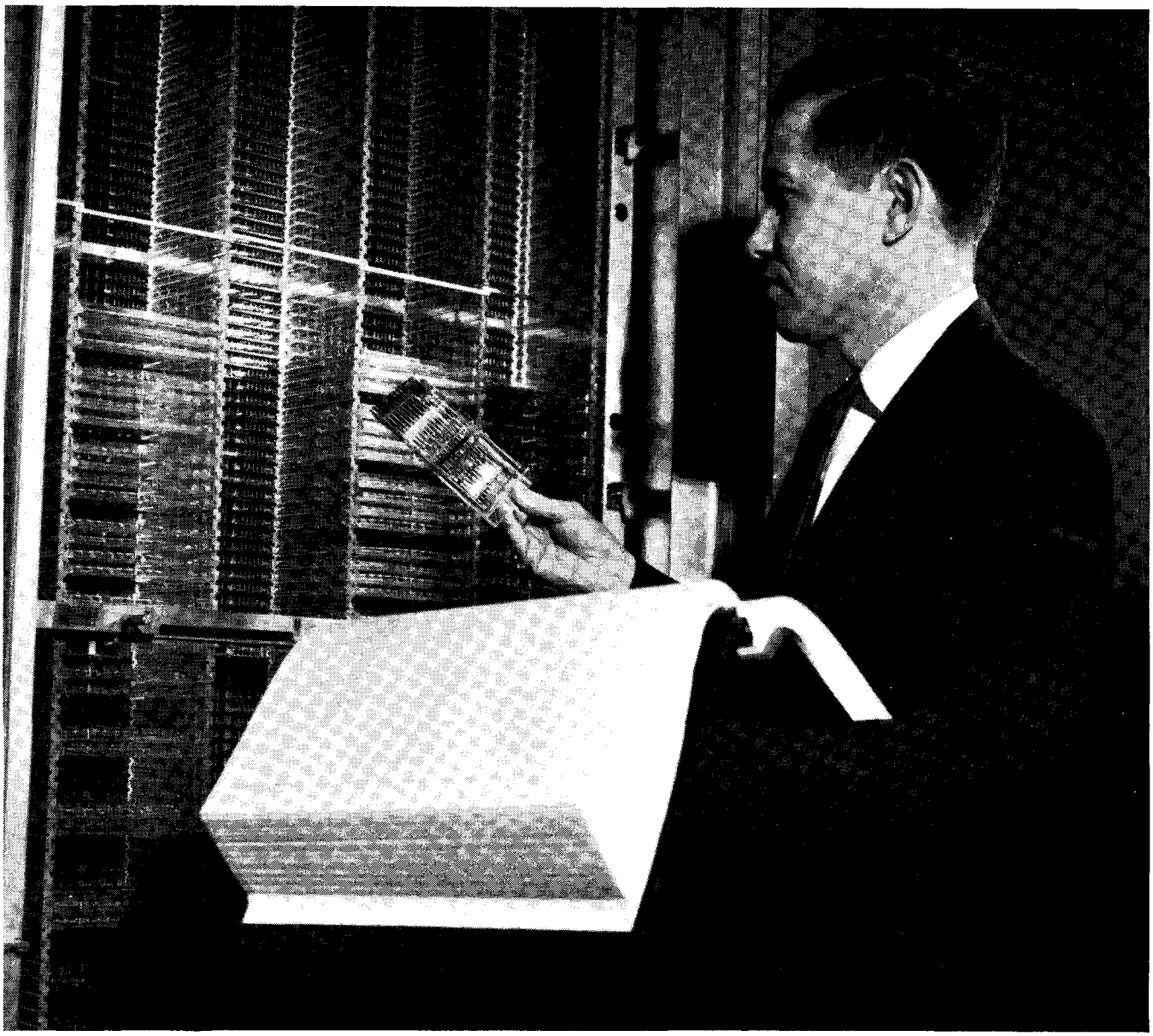

Dictionary refers R. Ketchledge, Director of the Bell System's Electronic Switching Laboratory, to faulty components in a model of the electronic switching system.

Amazing new telephone switching system is its own "doctor"

There are 6500 transistors and 45,500 diodes in the heart of a new Bell Telephone electronic switching system.

Yet, if any components fail, finding them is easy.

That's because Bell experts have given the system a mind which can tell what's wrong with itself.

What's more, the system can indicate where the cure for the failure can be found in a 1295-page "medical dictionary" which it authored itself!

The Bell System developed this new system for use in its first commercial Electronic Central Office which will begin operation in Succasunna, N. J., in 1965.

Bell engineers estimate that the system's mind and dictionary will locate 90% of all failures that might develop at Succasunna.

This will assure the great reliability needed for new, super-fast electronic telephone switching.

Ingenuity to the nth degree is demanded for the extreme reliability needed in today's communications. It's a challenge we welcome in providing continually improving service for you.

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The WEEK

● The SEC figures there are seventeen million people in this country who own common stocks. Wonder if they're the same seventeen million Candidate Kennedy said went to bed hungry every night?

● Secretary of State Dean Rusk has uncovered a vast Communist conspiracy deep within the most secret councils of the United States Government. This unholy band of treasonable plotters who give their allegiance to the atheistic monster of world Communism includes all those people who give aid and comfort to the Communist enterprise by calling for a reduction in United States foreign aid programs. "I have here in my hands," the Secretary of State said in effect, " the names of one hundred and eighty million people who are Communist-sympathizers." How about a vote of censure against the whole nation?

● Nelson Rockefeller is candidating around the country at a great rate these days, but if the reports from his recent sortie into the Midwest are typical, he looks very much like a candidate for private life. Where was it—Omaha?—where he descended from his airplane to greet a mere fifty inquisitive citizens? Oh yes, and at a fund-raising jamboree it turned out that five whole tables, which had been duly bought, were empty: the purchasers of the tickets were willing to pay good money for the chance to show their opposition to Republican Liberalism. And amidst the polite applause and generally decorous receptions one tumultuous cheer stands out—the ovation given at one dinner when the name of Senator John Tower was mentioned. Coming up, Cincinnati, the home of the Taft clan. Maybe the Rock has an unconscious yearning for disaster.

● The Securities and Exchange Commission has just about completed the study of things financial that it started two years ago. On April 3 it dumped 1,600 pages on Congress, the first five of fourteen chapters (costing more than a million dollars), the general message of which is that slick operators tend to be slick operators, and there oughta be a law. Well, there *is* a law: supply and demand; and during the two years of SEC head-scratching the law has operated very slickly indeed. The overblown, euphoric stock market of two years ago has settled down after a massive adjustment of prices; unseasoned issues are in disrepute; careless "analysts" and high-pressure stock touters have dropped out of the business by the hundreds; several questionable brokerage firms have closed up; almost a thousand people have drifted out of the unlisted stock business. So the SEC report, like so many products of bureaucratic toil, falls off target, and years late. As *Barron's* says, "Whatever Washington may think, Wall Street has no monopoly on greed; the hope of getting something for nothing springs eternal on Main Street too. Congress can pass laws; it cannot make people either moral or wise."

● Working to ease a tax cut later this year, the House Appropriations Committee has trimmed all the fat off the Administration's "anti-recession" public works program ("There is some doubt," Frank Chodorov once observed, "whether building pyramids improves the economy") by snipping $500 million from the requested $500 million. The vote was 22-19. If the action is sustained by both Houses, as seems more and more likely considering the widespread official opposition across the country to tax cuts without corresponding cuts in spending, the program will expire, unlamented, though we shall, of course, miss the pyramids.

● Birmingham, Alabama is the latest port of call for that crew of professionals who spend their time rioting from city to city like a traveling crap game, leaving behind them the emotional and material ruins that usually follow upon speculations against the laws of probability. And that is true irrespective of the intrinsic merits of the Negroes' case. Physical violence and ugly crowds—nobody likes these things, and Senator Goldwater will tell you why he thinks the Southern Negroes don't like them either. One day recently, down South, Goldwater was accosted by four or five Southern Negroes who expressed themselves approximately as follows: "Senator, won't you please do something about keeping these Northern Negroes out of our territory? We were doing just fine before they started coming down here. We were making steady gains, in good faith and with goodwill all around, and we had reason to look forward with great hopes. But every time these Northern Negroes come down here and stir things up, we lose what we have gained, because they build up antagonisms against us that didn't exist before, and we lose much of what we could hope for, because the struggle is longer and harder after these Northerners wreck our ways of dealing with things."

● Self-help is great, say the spokesmen for the Alliance for Progress. If a Latin country shows its willingness to free itself from the bonds of poverty and backwardness, then it merits all the aid the U.S. can

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afford to send it. But what if the urge to self-help is directed against Communist slavemasters? Dr. Manuel Urrutía, ex-President of Cuba, said this week that America need not invade Cuba (see below). All that is needed, he said, "is to continue and develop the civil war that is going on. At least 90 per cent of the Cuban people oppose Castro and I am sure he will be overthrown if the people receive the support they deserve." The Administration's response to *this* manifestation of the spirit of self-help, was to send U.S. ships to patrol the Caribbean and block off aid shipments to rebels in Cuba.

● Clevelanders have their newspapers back again, after a strike that deprived the city of news, managed or straight, for four long months, and cost the publishers $25 million, the strikers $7 million, which they'll never get back, and the city's retailers no one knows how many millions more. In the dazed and uncomprehending retrospective discussion now going on there, Clevelanders from the mayor on down feel that much has been lost, and, what is even worse, that there's no way at present to guarantee that the same miserable experience won't have to be endured again some year. More and more people are asking what good it does to gag a city for four months in order to give $2-a-week raises to a hundred men, or a thousand men, or one man. And as more people start asking such questions, the answers move closer. The politicians know there are five times as many voters as there are union members.

● *Le Grand Charles a dit*
—And some disagreed—
"Les Anglais sont trop Américains."
But Britain's Budget is out
And there's now little doubt
That de Gaulle is right again.
For Reginald Maudling
Has stopped his dawdling;
Deficits vast will come.
The future is very
Inflationary.
Does this sound familiar, chum?

● Our hero Adam Clayton Powell Jr. was sued by the lady—by the rich lady, I guess we should say at this point—whom he had labeled the "bagwoman" (*i.e.*, the one that travels about from grafter to grafter with the little black bag); and last week the jury voted to sock the Reverend Adam two hundred and ten thousand post-tax bucks, which is a lot of bucks, even for Adam, and even though he sometimes seems to confuse his own financial resources with those of the Federal Government. Well, a couple of sermons over at the Abyssinian Church, a couple of extra collections, and, presto, the non-bagwoman is paid off. But before then, Powell's attorneys will appeal to federal courts to throw out the judgment, pleading immunity: on the grounds that in telling lies about the lady on television he was simply doing the kind of thing he does in the halls of Congress. A good point.

Very Well Then, We'll Be *Specific*

Have there been advanced, as Walter Lippmann testily suggested there have not, alternatives to the Administration's soft policy toward Cuba more serious than mere "war whoops" discountable for lack of any real intention to go to war? Last week at least three prominent persons detailed serious and well-crafted plans to remove Castroism in general, and Soviet influence specifically, from the Western Hemisphere.

The proposals of Senators Goldwater (on ABC-TV's "Issues and Answers") and Keating (before the Senate) and General Frank Howley (in the current *American Legion* magazine) agree essentially on a stringent blockade of Cuba enforced with the assistance of the Organization of American States and NATO.

". . . Where Cuba is concerned," said Senator Keating, introducing a 14-point program, "the economic resources of the United States, of NATO, and of the free world could be mobilized with devastating effect. We could make the economic burden on the Kremlin for the support of their Cuban base well-nigh intolerable . . . I propose a . . . program of economic pressure on the Soviet Union and the Soviet bloc, which I am convinced would do more to halt Communist expansion than any other non-military method." His recommendations, taken from a report made by CIA director John McCone to the President (but withheld from the public pending the promised Soviet troop withdrawal) included OAS trade and communications restrictions on Cuba, stopping U.S. aid to Latin American nations which continue to deal with Castro, NATO regulations against cargoes to or from Cuba, cutting off NATO sales to the Soviet bloc of any sort of goods it is in turn supplying Cuba, and where possible, a complete free world boycott of the Soviet bloc; and if these measures do not suffice, reinstitution of a quarantine on all Soviet bloc shipments to the island.

Senator Goldwater refined the blockade plan by proposing that we encourage Cuban exiles, and if necessary use U.S. forces (from whose use, he argued, there is no conceivable threat of a general war).

There are some of the concrete proposals Messrs Lippmann *et al.* have asked for.

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Here We Go

The National Draft-Goldwater Committee has been formed to mobilize the tremendous, spontaneous enthusiasm for Senator Goldwater that is sweeping the country . . . The purpose of our national office will be to coordinate this citizens' movement . . . to encourage and channel the efforts of all volunteers who want to help . . . Working with the Goldwater State Chairmen in each of the fifty states, we will service local Draft-Goldwater clubs with campaign material and make suggestions . . . for effective grass-roots activity . . . Americans for Goldwater, let us hear from you.

So ran a long-awaited Summons to Action issued last week by a group of Republican professionals who mean business (see p. 313) and are likely to have a considerable amount of it before they are through. Where does a volunteer sign up? Why, just where you'd expect: NATIONAL DRAFT-GOLDWATER COMMITTEE, P.O. Box 1964, Washington 25, D.C.

Alpha 66

In Carthage, when the overwhelm-
Ing Romans strained to salt the realm,
They handed Hannibal the helm.

Again, when threatened by the Turks,
Vienna gave the *Turks* the works
By mobilizing all the clerks.

Indeed, a casual review
Of history confirms the few
Resist oppression. (See: the Sioux.)

The point seems pretty clear to me.
I wonder when Jack Kennedy
Will take a look at history?

W. H. VON DREELE

Relax, Yankee

The Canadian election results are encouraging.

Three groups had campaigned on a bomb-banning, U.S.-hating platform—the far-left NDP, the French wing of the Social Credit Party, and the Tories. All three groups suffered losses. Two leaders in anti-American vituperation, Foreign Secretary Howard Green and NDP deputy leader David Lewis, were defeated in their own electoral districts.

While the other parties offered gross handouts to the voters, Lester Pearson's Liberals stated the obvious: Canada can hardly afford more welfarism at a time of financial crisis. Their common sense was rewarded with a 27 per cent increase in seats.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

THE ADA AND THE NEW FRONTIER
by James Burnham

WM. F. BUCKLEY'S
RUMBLES LEFT AND RIGHT
Reviewed by John Chamberlain

The antics of Réal Caouette prevented a Social Credit triumph in English Canada, and so alarmed responsible *Québecois* that leading churchmen and provincial politicians united in a block-Caouette campaign that clipped *Créditistes'* wings.

The results are a personal defeat for prairie radical John Diefenbaker, who led a once-great party into a wilderness of suspicion and parochialism. If the Tories remove Diefenbaker from the leadership, they will not only restore the party's image of no-nonsense politics, but will also be a constructive Opposition, helping to keep Lester Pearson on his new-found mettle.

The Oppenheimer Play

The news is out that Robert Oppenheimer will be awarded this year's Enrico Fermi Award by the Atomic Energy Commission, and all of Washington, or so the newspaper stories say, is tensely awaiting the public reaction. The Administration's objective is the full political rehabilitation of Dr. Oppenheimer, the blithe spirit who has roamed the cosmos in discontent ever since the pygmies told him that fire was not alone for him to play with.

Concretely, Dr. Oppenheimer was stripped in 1953 by the selfsame Atomic Energy Commission of his security clearance. That is to say, a board of his moral superiors, having carefully weighed his protracted testimony, determined that a reasonable doubt existed as to his reliability. That judgment was not freakish. It was based on a close study of a long record of moral and political waywardness which Dr. Oppenheimer was in no position to deny. Indeed, in assessing his own performance over the years, which included payments to the Communist Party even after the Nazi-Soviet Pact, lies told to the FBI and security officials about an effort that had been made to engage him in a Communist apparatus, a dogmatic opposition to America's development of the hydrogen bomb, Oppenheimer concluded that he had behaved like an "idiot."

Almost immediately after Dr. Oppenheimer was

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Richard Weaver, RIP

In a rented room on the south side of Chicago, Richard Weaver was found dead a few days ago. Hard work and heart trouble had made an end of him at the age of fifty-three. Yet strong books, like high deeds, confer immortality; and there are many thousands of people for whom Richard Weaver will endure.

Dr. Weaver wrote slowly, though with power: so he will live only through two books—*Ideas Have Consequences* (1948) and *The Ethics of Rhetoric* (1953)—textbook in composition, and some pamphlets and periodical pieces. But those works made their mark in this land. *Ideas Have Consequences,* a dissection of modern nominalism, was one of the first works in the revival of conservatism in America—and surely the first to find a wide and devoted audience. *The Ethics of Rhetoric,* which proves how men's words both reflect and form their actions, reminded the academy that the Word still may be either holy or diabolic.

Richard Weaver lived by his own rhetorician's rules, austerely and with dignity. He was born at Weaverville, in the mountain backbone of North Carolina, a town founded by his ancestors; and most of his life he saved money to buy a little house there, for a day when college teaching should end. Solitary by nature, he did not marry, and inhabited a single room in an obscure hotel near the University of Chicago, where he taught for nearly two decades in the College's Department of English—winning, once, the award for the ablest teacher on the College's staff.

Some of his closest Chicago friends did not see him for a year at a time. He never traveled, and he endured stoically the ferocious Chicago winters, often wearing two overcoats, one over the other. Paradoxically enough, on principle he was a Southern Agrarian, holding a degree from Vanderbilt University, and detesting much in the modern industrial world.

Next year he was to have taken Professor Donald Davidson's chair at Vanderbilt, at least for a year; but he expressed his doubts as to whether he would care to stay permanently in Nashville, for a great city like Chicago—so he said—offered amenities not to be found in state capitals.

Precisely what advantages Weaver discerned for himself in Chicago, it is difficult to say. He was too busy with his work to go to theater or concert; he dined frugally in the cafeteria of International House or in some little hash house; he lived chaste and withdrawn. His bulldog jaw defended a character shy and kindly. Though not devoid of humor, Weaver took life for a very serious business. Once, after I had been telling ghost stories frivolously enough (while Weaver frowned), he murmured deeply, "I think I see what you mean, Russell." That was more than I did; but for Richard Weaver, some symbolic truth subsisted behind every flimsy appearance.

Among philosophers, Plato was Weaver's mentor; and among American statesmen, Lincoln. (Though a declared Southerner, in politics Weaver was a conservative Republican.) Such views did not find favor for him in the modern academy, but he remained an intelligent defender of the academy's rights and duties. In a recent pamphlet—"Academic Freedom: the Principle and the Problems"—he wrote thus:

"The more democratic society is, the more it tends to be jealous of exemptions and exclusions of any kind, and therefore it is well to emphasize the purpose of academic freedom. . . . Generally speaking, Western man has believed that there is a truth which is knowable, that only a portion of that truth has been discovered, and that therefore the work of study and teaching should go on."

Weaver's books brought a consciousness of truth to many who never saw him—and few of whom ever wrote to him, for a certain awe of this author arose from his logical and resolute pages. As a public speaker, Weaver knew he had no special talent; and powerfully though his prose runs, it is not the rhetoric of the spoken word, and so is not wholly successful when read aloud. But a high consistency and honesty win over even the more hostile of the readers of his two books.

Weaver attended church only once a year, I believe—and then a high Episcopalian service. Somehow the solemnity and mystery and ritual, strongly though he was attracted by them, overwhelmed his soul: such a feast would last him for another twelve months. Frugality even in religious observance was woven into his character.

Into what transcendent realm of ideas Richard Weaver has adventured now, no man can say. Few men have been better prepared, through meditation, for that lonely pilgrimage. Weaver had done no man injustice, and so he may dream the Dream of Gerontius with a better conscience than most of us. In the invisible—though not the visible—church, Richard Weaver lived by the light of truth. The best evidence for immortality, says Plato, is our yearning after it: for no human desire is without possibility of fulfilment. I do not think that the light of truth will fail Richard Weaver, who asked so little of the world and the flesh, as he makes his sturdy way toward that eternity for which man was created.

R. KIRK

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fired, he was appointed to Princeton's Institute of Advanced Studies, and one of the trustees who voted to confirm that appointment was none other than Admiral Lewis Strauss, who headed the Atomic Energy Commission that fired Oppenheimer. Many thought it incongruous that Strauss should simultaneously vote that Oppenheimer was a security risk, and then vote to award him the honor of association with the prestigious Institute.

But Strauss was quite correct. Those who argue for a tough internal security policy must not be caught advocating that a man who is fired by an administrative body, whose job it is to give the government the benefit of the doubt, should suffer under a stigma in civilian life. Messrs Buckley and Bozell wrote a book during the hectic McCarthy period, laying heavy stress on the point.

But consider not the abstract logic, but rather the political and sociological meaning of what is going on. It is clearly the intention of the Kennedy Administration to expunge the adverse ruling on Dr. Oppenheimer, and there is no doubt at all in the mind of the political realist that when the dust settles, to quote Dean Acheson's famous phrase, Dr. Oppenheimer will be reintroduced, with all due delirium, into the womb of government, welcome home now that McCarthyism is properly dead and buried.

The political realist must reckon with the overriding meaning of the present gesture: the government isn't giving the Fermi prize and $50 thou to Oppenheimer as a gesture of retroactive gratitude for his great work in connection with the atomic program of the 40's. It is giving it to him as a step in the program to reintegrate him into the Establishment, and to undermine a security program which the Establishment has bitterly and consistently opposed.

Vapid Transit

The Senate has decided that mass urban transit can only be achieved by federal aid.

The bill that passed the Senate this week is one of the most broadly conceived schemes of federal intervention ever devised by the forces of collectivism. To begin with, "mass urban transit" refers not only to subways and monorails for huge centers like New York and Los Angeles. Under its terms, any "built-up area" qualifies. There are, it is said, 53,000 communities in the United States that need better mass transit.

The city of Boston was a major backer of the bill, on the ground that the bankrupt New Haven Railroad is unable to cope with Boston's manifold transit problems. Yet a major reason for the New Haven's sickness is confiscatory local taxation. One terminal in Boston valued at $4 million pays $1.2 million annually in realty taxes.

And of course there will be federal control. In this case the intervention in state and local affairs would take two principal forms. First, a labor clause in the bill requires that union arrangements be satisfactory to the Secretary of Labor. This is really a means of circumventing state right-to-work laws and laws barring strikes in municipal transit systems. Although the sponsors of the bill denied that this was intended, they voted down an amendment proposed by Senator Dominick (R., Colo.) that would have made the Secretary's demands "not inconsistent with state laws." Secondly, the aid will be dispensed by the Housing and Home Finance Agency, and the powers given to Agency head Robert Weaver are so comprehensive that he could choke off *all* federal aid to homes or construction in an area if its local transit authority passes regulations he deems inimical to the proper functioning of the transit system.

The amount of money unleashed by the bill cannot be derived from the $500 million now authorized. Under the bill, any municipality that qualifies can get 66.6 per cent federal aid, or up to 75 per cent federal guarantees, on all municipal transit projects. Estimates of the cost of these projects during the next few years range over $10 billion.

It's now up to the House.

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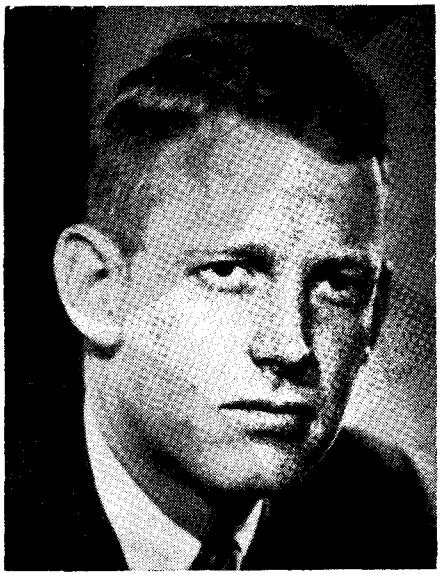

L. Brent Bozell, senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, author, lecturer, attorney, is one of those unusual public figures who speaks as well as he writes. Co-author with Wm. F. Buckley Jr., of *McCarthy and His Enemies*, Mr. Bozell has been abroad for two years in concentrated study and working on his new book, *The Warren Court: A Dissenting Opinion*.

His lecture topics include *To Magnify The West: The West's Real Role in the Cold War*, *A Conservative Looks For His Party*, *Liberation or Surrender*, and *The Warren Court*. He is willing to debate on any topic in the sphere of his competence.

Mr. Bozell is now in the United States permanently and will be in the South, Southwest, Midwest and Northeast in April and May.

If your university or club would like to hear Mr. Bozell, won't you write?

You may also want to write for openings in the schedules of our other speakers: Willmoore Kendall, Russell Kirk, Frank S. Meyer, Thomas Molnar, William Rickenbacker, William A. Rusher and Ernest van den Haag.

CATHERINE BABCOCK, INC.
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Virginia Beach, Virginia

Down and Down He Goes

It is a pity that Bertrand Russell has recently moved from a position which was primarily idealistic, however suicidal in its practical implications, into a position which dishonors everything Russell ever stood for, most notably the truth—for which he always stood, make no mistake, however vain his efforts to apprehend it. It is bad enough to counsel unilateral disarmament in an age when even the blind can see that it would lead instantly to world-wide bloodshed followed by a dark Orwellian age. Still the pacifist can be excused, if not listened to, on the grounds that he is a humanitarian suffering from strategical imbecility. But Russell has recently proved himself to be something very different from merely a pacifist He is emerging as a first-rank Communist apologist.

Russell has written a letter to the *New York Times* urging a renunciation of American policy in South Vietnam. Which policy, understand, we are not pursuing for any of the reasons our government gives, namely, our desire to spare Southeast Asia the curse that has befallen Red China—but because (you guessed it) we wish to exploit South Vietnam, and shore up a brutal and reactionary regime. To this end, Russell continues, we are conducting a war of annihilation, suppressing the truth, violating Genevan agreements, imitating the Germans in Eastern Europe, and the Japanese of World War II.

The *New York Times*, to which Lord Russell's letter was addressed, dismissed it angrily as "a travesty of justice and a mockery of history." All of which it is indeed, but it is something more besides. If we can assume, as we must, that Russell is not suddenly seized by senility, we must ponder the fate of the mind under the strong tug of pacifism. It may be that the man who believes that unilateral disarmament will spare us war is already so weak-minded that he cannot cope with reality, and is therefore easy prey for the beguiling lies of the Communists. Or it may be that Russell's is a special case, that he uniquely fell prey as the result of the very special, highly flattering attention that Khrushchev and Mao have paid to his recent inanities. In either case, the lesson is terrible, and no doubt a cause for anxiety to those many pacifists who, whatever their other delusions, have never wondered about the nature of the Communist beast, and are not likely, or at least are not considered likely, to fall for the Communist line (we think of Norman Thomas and Roger Baldwin, for instance). But others seem to be slipping. And the clear duty of those within SANE who are still sane, is to step forward, draw the line, and repudiate the words of Bertrand Russell. We need a Pons Asinorum to distinguish between the pacifist and the Communist apologist. It is ironic that the author of the *Principia Mathematica* couldn't make the grade.

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Notes and Asides

Schlesinger vs. *Buckley* et al.

Mr. Arthur Schlesinger has told the press he does *not* intend to sue Putnam's or NATIONAL REVIEW or William Buckley for their outrageous decision to quote his sentences on the dustjacket of *Rumbles Left and Right*. So WFB wrote to Messrs Greenbaum, Wolff and Ernst and asked, Is it all off? To which they replied, in effect, Never mind what Arthur said to the press, we will hold you "fully responsible" for "any further use of the quotation by anyone in conjunction with the promotion, sale or advertising of" *Rumbles Left and Right* . . . Our letter to the lawyers had included a P.S.: "While you are at it, would you be so kind as to ask Mr. Schlesinger to okay the following translation of his quotation into French: *'Monsieur Buckley a une facilité de rhetorique que j'envie de même qu'un bel esprit que je tâche maladroitement d'imiter et sans succés.'* " But the lawyers' reply ignored the request . . . A., by the way, told *Newsweek* he had said the words in "ironic derision." We propose to announce, shortly, the availability of a 45 rpm recording of Mr. Schlesinger saying all those nice things about Mr. Buckley . . . By the way, did you know that Mr. Schlesinger finds NATIONAL REVIEW "entertaining reading"? Well, he does. He said so. Same debate. Context? "I think we are all charmed by the characteristically delightful mixture of fantasy and hyperbole which Mr. Buckley has served us, and which makes his magazine such entertaining reading." Tell your Liberal friends! *Schlesinger finds* NATIONAL REVIEW *entertaining reading!* Never mind his pixyish phrase, "mixture of fantasy and hyperbole"—he was just being ironically derisive. . . . Being mustered: National Committee to Secure Privacy for Arthur Schlesinger Jr. (Proposed co-chairmen: Roger Baldwin, Simone de Beauvoir.) . . . A columnist on the West Coast, Mr. Wm. Hogan of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, reviewed *Rumbles* two weeks ago, before the brawl was made public (he shouldn't have—the book is not officially out until April 29). Gist of review: Buckley is awful, everybody he disapproves of is wonderful, and everybody he likes is almost as awful as Buckley, though not quite. And then (Oh us! Oh our! So help us, we didn't put him up to it), "Even Arthur Schlesinger Jr., another of Buckley Jr.'s arch enemies, has been quoted on his fellow essayist: 'He has a facility for rhetoric [etc., etc.]' No question about it—he is one of the most suave and challenging writers around." Ho! ho! ho! Er. Harrumph! Attenshun GREENbaum! Wolff! Ernst! Sue that man Hogan! (Not to be continued. Ad nauseam.)

For The Record

Next Caribbean trouble spot could be Haiti. Freedom forces there ready to try to overthrow authoritarian government of Pres. Duvalier before pro-Castro elements move. . . . French sources believe Pres. de Gaulle may look the other way if anti-Castro raiders move their bases from British, U.S. waters to French islands in far-off Martinique, Guadaloupe. . . . Communist-leaning National Guardian, in complimentary profile of Venezuelan Adm. Wolfgang Lazarabal, a far-leftist who will run for president next year, gloats that it was while he headed a revolutionary junta that "visiting Vice President Nixon was spat upon." . . . Anti-Communist Gov. Carlos Lacerda of Brazil's Guanabara state has been endorsed as presidential candidate by important Guanabara convention of National Democratic Union.

Guess whose name showed up in big Dentists' Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy advertisement a week ago? The long-missing Irving (Who Promoted?) Peress. . . . A dozen Friendship Marchers (American participants: Albert Bigelow, Edward Lazar) who claim they will walk the 4,000 miles from New Delhi to Peiping, running into trouble in Uttar Pradesh where they were greeted with boos, jeers, and black flags. Indian authorities claim they have made violently pro-Chinese speeches. . . . Nehru apparently less than delighted with choice of Chester Bowles as new U.S. ambassador to India. He figures Bowles to be an "out" among the White House group; fears for his foreign aid funds.

Michel Struelens, head of Katanga Information Service in the U.S., reports that he is closing down his office on order of Pres. Moise Tshombe. (Last action by Struelens was exposé, as forgery, of UN report that southern Katangan chiefs had thanked Adoula for freeing Katanga from "Tshombe dictatorship.") . . . Sen. Strom Thurmond to speak in New York (Commodore Hotel, May 8, 8:00 P.M.) on "Strategy for Surrender" in double-bill with veteran newsman Willard Edwards. Meeting sponsored by Public Action, Inc.

Surprised: all of England when Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the Red Dean of Canterbury, preached his last sermon. His subject? Religion.

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On the Right

Goldwater for President

1. Is it Conceivable?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

An important development last week, the founding of a National Draft-Goldwater Committee, reintroduces the burning public question, might Goldwater run? And those other questions that are asked about any man who is spoken of as a Presidential candidate—might this man actually be President? Is it conceivable? Yes, writes Wm. F. Buckley Jr. Is it feasible? Yes, writes L. Brent Bozell.

An Englishman asked me, "Would you really, considering the great weight of the office, want to see Senator Goldwater President of the United States?" Yes, I said; not, I think, impetuously.

There is something about the office of the President nowadays which is positively creepy with power. Indeed, it is an office which no mortal man should occupy—would that Mars had more jealously guarded his secrets, denying to individual men the power to break the world in two. But here we are, and no use crying over spilt mankind, at least not yet. Someone has got to exercise that power, and we can at least give thanks that the Presidency of the free world is in America and not, say, in Italy.

But the station's awesomeness is not altogether a disadvantage. It can be ennobling. About this a great deal has been written, with the spotlight focussed most often on Harry Truman, whose personal smallness is a matter of bipartisan agreement, but whose efforts to scale the greatness of the office he admired, with such vulgar effusions, were at least partly rewarded by occasional feats of simple grandeur. In psychological terms, the office is so majestic that it is 1) impossible to conceive of almost anyone who is not President as being President without being faintly ludicrous; and 2) impossible to conceive of someone who is in fact President as altogether ludicrous.

Take Harry Truman again as the perfect example. The day before Roosevelt died the very thought of little old Truman becoming President was quite enough to cause a nervous blend of titillation and dismay. And yet the day after Truman became President, it seemed altogether natural that this simple man should now proceed to make such decisions as to what should be the postwar shape of Europe, where to drop atom bombs, and what kind of life would be led by the next generation of Chinese.

Buckley

Yet even if one cites these psychological maxims, it is difficult to find a way to say persuasively, to a skeptical Englishman, Yes, I should like to see Goldwater President.

Fear of the Office

It is hard for us, mere citizens, to imagine what must be the life of the mind and stomach for those who are in the running for President and who are also conscientious, responsible men. Those who feel a natural reluctance to seek the job are perhaps those most to be trusted; for those others who lust after it most ardently are, for the most part, concerned more with self-elevation than with composing a nervous world (can anyone to this day explain to anyone what it was that JFK proposed to do for the world by giving himself to it?). Goldwater is of the former category. He truly fears the office. It does not follow that he would be indecisive or ineffectual in executing it; but he certainly gives it the respect it is due.

Once he told me, not long ago, of having been invited to the White House on New Year's Eve for drinks. He took along, for he is a skillful amateur in photography, his camera. One of the pictures of JFK he especially liked, and so he sent it to the President to autograph. It came back: "Dear Barry: This is great. Why don't you stick to something you know how to do? Cordially, JFK." Goldwater was greatly amused by the episode, but beneath the urbane repartee of conventional political factionalism there was the point of stunning impact, possibly figuring in JFK's consciousness when he wrote the words, certainly lodging in Goldwater's subconsciousness when he read them: Kennedy is *presidentabile*, Goldwater is not.

Goldwater should take heart. But when all is said and done it is impossible truly to train for the Presidency. Like using a parachute, it is something you have to succeed at the very first time. For one thing, democracy does not provide for Presidential playing fields, where you develop the muscles and spirit of leadership, as for instance the younger Pitt did, and so many other members of the ruling class of the last century. How do you practice to acquire the authority to dispose of hydrogen bombs? Not even at Groton. (Or as governor of New York State.) The more complicated and powerful the job, the more rudimentary the preparation for it. You cultivate the essential virtues: high purpose, intelligence, decency, humility, fear of the Lord, and the passion for freedom. And these are qualities Barry Goldwater appears to have; which is why I, for one, was willing to waive whatever technical shortcomings my friend in England wished to dwell upon.

I have never importuned Mr. Goldwater to run for the Presidency since, unlike King Harry ("I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,/ Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:/Follow your spirit . . .") I find it awkward to exhort men to heroism. But I am for him, and I do believe that if, in due course, he would declare himself, and go to the people, and tell them why he was running—if not for his own good, for theirs—in no time at all he'd knock those crazy figures of Mr. Gallup into shape, and dispose them to say, "Yes, Mr. President."

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National Trends

Goldwater for President

2. Is it Feasible?

L. BRENT BOZELL

For many months the main obstacle to getting a Goldwater-for-President campaign off the ground has been the Senator himself. He never really said No, but his consistent refusal to give encouragement to even the closest confidants amounted to the same thing. His lack of enthusiasm was so believable that money-raising drives could not be launched and organizational plans were stopped dead in their tracks. Here, indeed, was perverse testimony to Goldwater's incapacity for dissimulation: any other reasonably eligible politician caught saying he really didn't want the Presidency, yet never quite closing the door to the possibility, would have been regarded as positively ravenous for the job; the only question for bandwagon-drivers would have been one of timing. But in Goldwater's case, the dampeners were taken for real. Put up $1,000 toward a campaign fund? Not for a man who lacks Desire. Start nailing down firm delegate commitments? Why bother if he's going to turn over his support to Rockefeller anyway? And so a mood of despair, even resentment, began to settle in on the conservative camp: it was being deprived, just at the moment of highest promise, of relevant leadership.

Bozell

A Serious Drive

Then, suddenly, and quite independently of each other, two things happened that now seem to assure a serious drive to put Senator Goldwater in the White House. One is that a group of "cause"-oriented pros (the breed is almost extinct in American politics) got together and decided to create a situation that would change Goldwater's mind. When the National Draft-Goldwater Committee—formally launched last Monday in Washington—was first conceived a little over a month ago, all concerned felt they were running the risk of repudiation. When the Committee professed in its birthday announcement that "we have not consulted Senator Goldwater about forming this Committee," it was telling the whole truth: it hadn't dared to ask permission.

But the Committee's chairman, Peter O'Donnell, one-time campaign manager of Rep. Bruce Alger and now Republican State Chairman of Texas, and co-chairman Ione Harrington, Indiana's seasoned and knowledgeable national committeewoman, had seen imperative reasons for taking the bet that the Senator would not torpedo the ship before it left harbor and had a chance to prove its seaworthiness. The gamble was prompted in part by a trans-political commitment to the ideological cause Senator Goldwater symbolizes; but equally by the altogether unsentimental conclusion, which is now beginning to dominate the calculations even of those Republicans who hate Goldwater's guts, that a successful appeal to the South is the *sine qua non* for beating John F. Kennedy in 1964—indeed, that pursuit of such a strategy over the long term is the party's only realistic hope of escaping from the Hobson's choice of throwing itself on the mercy of an Eisenhower-type personality cult, or accepting national minority status.

Well, to be frank, when the moment came for speaking their piece, the course on which the Goldwater-drafters had embarked was not nearly as hazardous as they had once feared. For meanwhile the Senator had done some re-evaluating of the problem on his own, and was apparently prepared to let the ship sail, to see what it would do. Goldwater had heard, of course, what the O'Donnell group was up to, and the latter, in turn, knew that he knew—and also had a pretty good idea what the response would be. Anyone walking into Goldwater's office in the first week of April with the urge to ask leading questions was likely to go away with the information that it was Smith's "constitutional right" to try to make Jones President, and that there wasn't a thing in the world Jones could do about it. Now the visitor (who probably knew all that about the Constitution) would have been quite wrong to conclude that Goldwater had decided to run for President—he hasn't; but he has decided not to decide against it for the time being, and that is a very different piece of news than could have been expected a few months ago.

A Change of Mind

Why the change? It is not that Goldwater has managed to suppress that haunting sense of inadequacy for the job, a psychological luxury that could be enjoyed only by a moral idiot. Nor is he any less persuaded that what he *wants* to be, at least as far ahead as he can see, is U.S. Senator from Arizona. The point is that the incessant demands by Goldwater partisans that he subordinate his personal preferences to communal Duty can no longer be turned aside by the argument that he doesn't stand a chance anyway. There was a time when Goldwater could say, and believe it, that Kennedy was a shoo-in, and that, in any event, Rockefeller stood as good a chance, if not better, of leading the GOP to power as he did. But now Goldwater believes Kennedy is beatable, even short of a national catastrophe in the next eighteen months—*provided* the Republicans can sweep the South. And that proviso is one that seems destined to establish Nelson Rockefeller, pre-eminently, and in a sense that is manifestly less tendentious than in the case of Robert Taft, as the Republican candidate who cannot win. What is more, Goldwater believes that Rockefeller has, of late, come around to the conclusion that even the GOP nomination is out of his reach, assuming Goldwater is in the

(Continued on page 334)

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Letter from the Continent

The Coming Great Confusion

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

It seems likely that a *modus vivendi* will be found between the Vatican and the Soviet Union. Editors of European Catholic papers who have resigned themselves to this agreement are openly worried about its political consequences.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

How will a treaty between the Church and her present arch-enemy be interpreted by the masses? This is, unfortunately, a mass age where the man on the street not only develops firm convictions about matters he only faintly understands, but has the means to translate his views into political action. I can easily imagine an Italian telling his friends in the *trattoria:* "Being a worker, and knowing who the boss fears most, I always wanted to vote Communist, but I promised my wife not to do it because our bishop insisted that Communist supporters cannot get a Catholic burial. Now with the Pope himself hobnobbing with Khrushchev's daughter and son-in-law, I'm going to vote the way I please."

No intelligent European in the sixteenth century would have thought that if the Emperor and the Sultan had concluded an armistice, polygamy would become licit or drinking wine a crime. After the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648, no sane Spaniard thought the time had come to show the Inquisition his treasured secret copy of Calvin's *Institutes.* It was assumed that the armistice was a breathing spell, nothing more.

Misreading the Signs

But Catholic workers in Europe probably will not see an armistice between the Church and Communism in this light. They will understand it as a sign of peace and sympathy, rather than a temporary relaxation of hostilities. And they will be abetted in this misreading of the facts by that element of European Catholicism that really does flirt with Communism. The ideal of Communism is based on two of the three monastic ideals—poverty and obedience—and it implies a certain puritanism, which in a way is related to chastity. What else is a Communist state but a frightful parody of a monastery with a sadistic abbot and monks without vocation, living in a perpetual Lent? Hence the sentimental notion of Catholic leftists that Communism is "misunderstood Christianity" and "if only atheism could be talked out of them, Communists would be wonderful!" This outcry demonstrates a radical misunderstanding of *both* Communism and Christianity.

Many prominent voices have been raised against the present turn of events. There is general awareness that the Vatican has picked a peculiarly inopportune time for making conciliatory gestures toward Moscow, since Italy faces crucial elections later this month and, taking Italy's political immaturity into account, the extreme Left will be greatly strengthened. Germany's leading paper *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* ran a cartoon showing Khrushchev unveiling a picture of John XXIII while a decrepit dove hovered miserably in the foreground. "We can now dispense with the wretched beast," he tells Red leaders with a grin. "We've got something much better here."

Whether Khrushchev is better or worse than Stalin, he is and remains the Vatican's chief enemy. But Popes have to deal with enemies. Pius XI, a very tough man and more conservative than either of his successors, once declared, "In order to save the souls of our children, we would negotiate with the devil in person." Almost anything that can alleviate the fate of Catholics east of the Curtain, and especially anything apt to enlarge the radius of religious action, the Vatican will undertake. Prestige and pride, even certain local political considerations, must be subordinated to this end. For even a small opportunity to spread the word, through sermons, instruction or periodicals, the Church is prepared to pay the price of confusion among naive voters (and intellectuals) in the West.

This can be understood in the light of the Church's two main tasks: to administer the Sacraments and to teach. To carry them out, she has time and again cooperated with powers she rightly regards as evil.

In France, for example, she supported the *Ancien Régime,* collaborated with the First Republic the moment it became more humane, worked with Napoleon and the restored Bourbons, paid her respects to the Second and Third Republics, and only opposed Pétain when the Nazi bloodbaths started.

If I were a Hungarian Catholic, my main interest would be to get a minimum of religious freedom for myself and my family, regardless of election results in Rome or Quebec. I would want to go to church without thereby losing my job, and I would be desperate about the impossibility of getting religious education for my children.

The War Goes On

An armistice between the Church and Communism does not imply an armistice between the Catholic faith and Communist doctrine. That is impossible. A *modus vivendi* between the Vatican and the Kremlin must be based on the same assumption as the one already existing between the Christian faiths and atheism in the free world, *i.e.,* on the conviction of each camp that its own side will eventually prevail. It only means that an agreement has been reached as to the rules, by-laws and regulations of an intellectual and spiritual warfare with a certain disengagement in the political sphere. It is true that the Communists will be able to abrogate the agreement whenever it suits them, while the Church is always, in St. Augustine's words, *"inops ecclesia,"* the "helpless Church." Still, she is bound to enter the struggle and to accept the best deal she can make, and it will then be up to the Catholic leadership to pursue the fight against materialism with more zeal than ever.

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School Prayers and "Religious Warfare"

Did the Supreme Court realize what legal doors it was opening in its Regents' Prayer decision? The author fears it did

WALTER BERNS

Last year the Supreme Court of the United States held that New York could not encourage recitation of the Regents' Prayer in its schools. The decision was greeted by a great public outcry and was followed by the introduction of more than fifty proposals to amend the Constitution. These, in turn, inspired a statement in favor of the prayer decision submitted to the Senate Judiciary Committee by 132 deans and professors of law and political science, a statement that concluded with these words: "The intrusion of religion upon the public school system both threatens the separation of church and state and challenges the traditional integrity of the public schools. That intrusion, if permitted, will greatly endanger the institutions which have preserved religious and political freedom in the United States and have prevented religious warfare in this nation. The decision of the Supreme Court in the Regents' Prayer case has warded off that threat."

If we may be permitted to indulge, for the moment, in the same hyperbole, we would say that the decision is more likely to promote religious warfare. At a minimum, it will thrust religion into the political arena, and whether the resulting discord will be serious depends on what the Court does in the cases spawned by the prayer decision; for, by ruling against the ill-advised religious enthusiasts in New York, the Court has inspired the ill-advised anti-religious enthusiasts around the country to mount one legal assault after another on whatever elements of religious establishment they can find, and there are many.

The decision against the New York prayer will surely not in itself be detrimental to religion in this country: any prayer adopted in the schools of a heterogeneous state like New York is likely to be innocuous, if not profane, and the Regents' Prayer was denounced by some leading churchmen on this ground; whereas the schools with a religiously homogeneous student body may very well ignore the decision, just as most of the 2,200 schools with released-time programs for religious instruction apparently ignored the 1948 decision of the Court invalidating the program in Champaign, Illinois. (There is reason to believe that federal marshals will not be ordered to swoop down upon the nation's schoolrooms and arrest teachers leading their children in daily prayer.) It could never be omitted officially, but this widespread public rejection of the decision undoubtedly contributed to the upholding of New York City's released-time program four years later, when the Court tempered its logic with a greater concern for the "public sentiment" that Lincoln said makes "statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be executed."

This term the Court has agreed to decide whether Maryland and Pennsylvania may permit or require the reading of Bible verses in their schools. Looming up in the future are cases involving the recitation of the Lord's Prayer, and others, such as one decided in the Florida courts last June, involving hymn-singing, observance of religious holidays, the showing of films with religious themes or content, and even the conducting of baccalaureate services tinged (or, to the Unitarian petitioner, tainted) with religious elements. And surely it will not be long before a group of devout Ethical Culturalists will take Justice Douglas at his word, expressed in his concurring opinion in the New York prayer case, and seek to enjoin the use of the Bible in the administration of oaths and of the slogan, "In God we trust," on the coin of the realm.

Facing the Future

Still further in the future, but logically very present, are cases involving the decoration of public buildings during religious seasons, such as the blue cross that, for a couple of weeks each year, adorns the Olin Library at Cornell, a university with state-supported colleges within it. (A crisis was averted this year by the suggestion that the library display a blue shield alongside the blue cross, thus permitting each student who insists upon it an alternative significance.) And surely the courts will soon be asked to enjoin the Post Office from cancelling letter stamps with the religious admonition, "Pray for Peace."

It is always hazardous to predict what the Court will do, but it is reasonably certain that decisions against the religious ceremonies and symbols involved in these cases will provoke a storm greater and more sustained than the one that greeted the New York prayer decision. A doctrinairism of one extreme is certain to provoke a doctrinairism at the other, and one can only shudder

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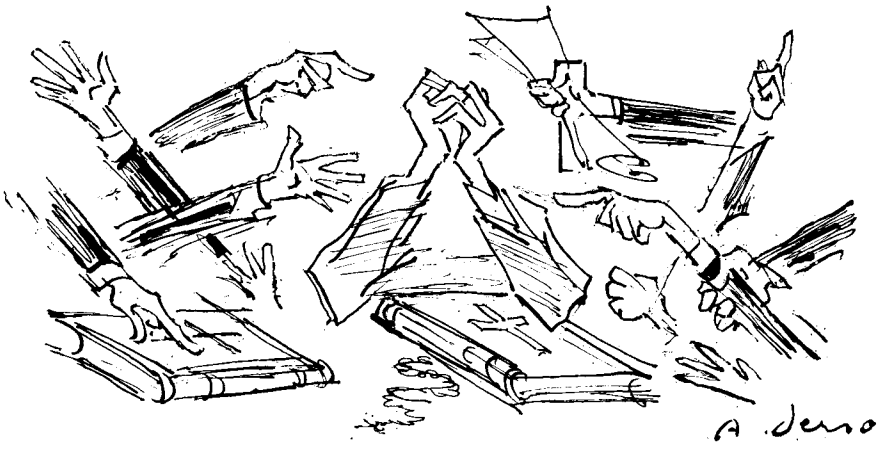
at the prospect of the reaction—even in this country in the mid-twentieth century—to a Douglas-inspired decision requiring the armed forces to get rid of their chaplains, the mint to issue new coins, the schools to refrain from singing the national songs unless certain lines, such as "God shed His grace on thee," are deleted, or perhaps merely hummed; and requiring both Congress and the states to amend their tax laws so as to deprive the churches of the extensive tax benefits they now enjoy—and probably need.

The policy of separating church and state represented the hope that religious passions, which had been responsible in the past for the most terrible wars and civil discord, would not in this country be transformed into political passions. Surely we should know that such a transformation can be the consequence not only of the attempt to end the separation by requiring adherence to a particular creed—such an attempt, and the New York prayer was not one, is not likely to be made in our time—or by the "intrusion of religion upon the public school system," as the 132 deans and professors put it (as if prayers in public schools were some sort of an innovation). We should also know that it can be the consequence of the attempt to create an absolute separation by removing every official acknowledgment of God, which is what Justice Douglas would have us do, and every prudent statesman would have us avoid. The adoption of the prayer was a mistake on the part of the Regents, surely; but the suit to enjoin it was a mistake on the part of the anti-religious zealots of New Hyde Park, New York (who but an anti-religious zealot would find the Regents' Prayer sufficiently offensive to justify the hiring of counsel and the expenditure of a great deal of time, money and energy needed to fight the case through the various levels of the judicial system?); but the biggest mistake, and the one most readily avoided, was the Court's decision declaring the prayer unconstitutional.

To say that the Court made a mistake is not to say that there is validity in some of the harsh things said about the decision by the Court's most vocal critics. The standard of validity of any decision, the standard against which the work of the Court is to be measured, is not so readily ascertained as some of the critics would have it. Not much is gained by saying that this standard can be found in the words of the Constitution. If the process of constitutional interpretation were that simple, anyone with a dictionary could be a judge and, what is more to the point, there would be little criticism of the Court. Who, for example, would be disposed to attack the Court were it to invalidate, say, a Texas statute granting General Walker a letter of "marque and reprisal" entitling him to fit out a privateer and seize Cuban commerce on the high seas? But no state is likely to do such a thing, at least, not in so many words. What disinterested person would be disposed to attack the Court were it to declare unconstitutional a joint resolution of Congress declaring some impatient member of the Kennedy family not yet thirty years old eligible to serve in the Senate? Congress is certainly not about to pass such a resolution; but if it were to do so, only a blindly partisan person would abuse the Court for striking it down, for such a resolution would be clearly prohibited by the Constitution.



Nation and States

Nor is the standard of a valid constitutional decision always to be found through an examination of historical records to learn the intent of the men who wrote and accepted the words of the relevant clause. There is no doubt that the words, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion," were not intended to prevent a state from encouraging recitation of an official prayer in its public schools, or even from establishing an official church. But much has happened to alter the constitutional relation of nation and states since those words were written, and when, to cite only a few examples of religious establishment, the Congregationalists controlled Connecticut, Massachusetts required its towns to provide, at their own expense, "for the institution of the public worship of God," and the North Carolina constitution provided that no one except a Protestant was eligible to hold public office in the state. The most important event was the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment after the Civil War. The principal source of constitutional limitations on state power, its most relevant clause forbids states to deprive anyone of liberty without due process of law. What this means in all its manifestations is one of the most hotly disputed points dividing constitutional scholars, but one thing can be said with certainty: the Court has long since held that the religious liberties of the First Amendment are part of the "liberty" that the states are forbidden to deprive any person of. Thus, in our time, *neither* Congress *nor* the states may make a law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. This "incorporation" of the First by the Fourteenth Amendment is so familiar a part of our constitutional law now that Justice Black in his opinion for the Court in the Regents' Prayer case made no more than a casual reference to it. Is the Court to be criticized for doing this? Anyone disposed to do so is required to ponder

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the desirability in this day of the alternative: states would still be free to disfranchise men and women because of their religious beliefs, or to require persons to subscribe to specific articles of faith as a condition of incorporating a religious body, or to do some of the other things they were doing during the first years under the Constitution.

But New York did not banish recusants from its polity; it did not demand taxes for the support of an official church; it merely encouraged its school children to say, "Almighty God, we acknowledge our dependence upon Thee, and we beg Thy blessings upon us, our parents, our teachers and our country." True enough, said Justice Black, but, he added in the familiar words of Madison, " 'It is proper to take alarm at the first experiment on our liberties.' " The reply to this is that there are times when it is prudent to hold one's logic on a short leash, and for its failure to do this the Court deserves to be criticized. One successful suit leads to another (the truly zealous Unitarian will not rest content with a victory in the New York skirmish), and somewhere along the line—whether at the Bible-reading, the Lord's Prayer, the tax exemptions, the chaplains, the coins, the prayers at the opening of a session of Congress, or the Bible at the inauguration of a President—Justice Black and his zealous colleagues are going to have to call a halt to their logic, or the people and the Congress will surely do it for them. Where the Court made its mistake was in agreeing to apply its logic at all—that is, in agreeing to decide the case on its merits. What is more, if it had followed precedent, the precedent of a wiser past, it would have refused to decide it.

The Question of Standing

It so happens, and not by chance, that the Court has in its judicial armory a device that permits it to exercise a great deal of discretion as to the cases it will hear and decide. The term for this is "standing," or standing to litigate. When ten years ago the parents of some New Jersey school children protested the reading of Bible verses in the public schools of that state, the Court dismissed the case by denying standing to the parents. This is done, or used to be done, when a petitioner cannot show that he has been injured, either as a taxpayer or in a more subtle manner, by the practice complained of. Justice Brandeis, whose credentials as a great judge are accepted by all Liberals, once wrote as follows: "The Court developed, for its own governance in the cases confessedly within its jurisdiction, a series of rules under which it has avoided passing upon a large part of all the constitutional questions pressed upon it for decision." One of these rules, he went on, is the one that the Court "will not pass upon the validity of a statute upon complaint of one who fails to show that he is injured by its operation." There is nothing reprehensible about this; in part it rests on the sound proposition that not everyone who dislikes some law should be able to go to court and ask it to be declared unconstitutional. The Court in the New Jersey Bible-reading case was only quoting from one of its earlier decisions when it said: " 'The party who invokes the power [of the federal courts] must be able to show, not only that the statute is invalid, but that he has sustained or is immediately in danger of sustaining some direct injury as a result of its enforcement, and not merely that he suffers in some indefinite way in common with people generally.' "

What injury was sustained by the parents or their children as a result of the recitation of the Regents' Prayer? The parents could not show that recitation of these 22 words every morning added to their annual school taxes; the children were not coerced—they could have left the room, arrived late, sat down, turned their backs, or crossed their fingers, and no one would have commented on it. Were they humiliated in some fashion? Neither Black in his opinion for the Court nor Douglas in his concurring opinion rests his opposition to the prayer on that ground, and this is not by chance, for the record is barren of any evidence that the children themselves had protested the prayer recitation. Were the parents injured in the sense of being deprived of the freedom to raise their children to be irreligious—that is, was there some danger that the children would be converted? The Court did not base its decision on this ground, which was prudent, because only ten years earlier Justice Douglas had said in another religious case that "we are a religious people whose institutions presuppose a Supreme Being," from which it follows, logically if not for Douglas, that to convert the irreligious to religion would be good for the polity. Not only did the Court refuse to follow precedent and dismiss the case without ruling on the merits, but the opinion of the Court contains *not one word* on the question of standing. One wonders why.

Principle vs. *Desirability*

If neither the parents nor the children were required to show that they had sustained, or were in immediate danger of sustaining, some direct injury as a result of the prayer, does this mean that anyone can now get standing in a federal court to protest some law that in his opinion violates the Constitution? For example, for all that appears in the opinion of the Court, a person who had no children in the schools, and whose interest in the recitation of the prayer was "undifferentiated from the mass of his fellow citizens," might have brought the suit to enjoin its recitation. It is doubtful that the Court meant to go so far, although many persons, including the Unitarians who have protested chapel services at the Naval Academy, and other such practices, have assumed that it ought to do so. (This, too, may prove ill-advised on their part, for what is sauce for the goose can turn out to be sauce for the gander. What is needed as the first step is for someone with the same litigious proclivities to ask the courts to enjoin the states from granting charters of incorporation, with all the considerable advantages of that legal status, to Unitarian churches.) And if anyone can get standing in a federal court to protest state practices of or aid to religion, does this mean that someone may now sue to enjoin federal aid to religion? Specifically (and one wonders if it was not this that the Court had in mind when it ignored precedent and granted standing to the New York parents in order to strike down that innocuous prayer), is the way now open for someone to sue to enjoin an appropriation to parochial schools? The proposed financial aid to church schools is by

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no means innocuous—to judge from the heat of the debate it has inspired so far — and many persons have claimed it to be a clear violation of the First Amendment. Prior to the school prayer decision, however, there was no way for anyone to challenge its constitutionality in the courts. Has the Supreme Court now provided a way of doing this?

Although a ruling on the constitutionality of an issue can sometimes moderate political strife by transforming what had been a question of principle into a question of mere desirability, the example of the *Dred Scott* decision, which the Court could have avoided by holding that Scott, because he was not a citizen of Missouri, had no right to bring his suit in a federal court, is sufficient to show that the Court cannot settle every intense political issue dividing the nation. The justices are sometimes criticized for using the standing device as a dodge enabling them to avoid issues, but issues like that involved in the *Dred Scott* case should be avoided by the Court, and the Court acts in its best tradition when it sometimes refuses standing to the party who insists on a proclamation of principle. This is also true when it resorts to the standing device to avoid exacerbating differences, which is what it did not do in the school prayer case; and because it did not, because it was not prudent, it has opened the way to those private groups that are not prudent, and perhaps not even tolerant. One might have thought the 22-word prayer a small price for the general freedom of opinion that prevails in this country, or for the benefits of American life generally; and certainly one can avoid seeing it as an "experiment on our liberties" or as posing a threat of "religious warfare."

Readers of today's sophisticated books will know that some words appear in these books only in inverted commas ("justice," "good," "bad," etc.) to indicate that they cannot be used seriously in a scientific and rigorous vocabulary. If, by its decision in the school prayer case, the Court intended to clear the way for every anti-religious zealot who is offended by every public mention or acknowledgment of God, then, to adopt the only supplication permitted, "God" save this Honorable Court.

On the Beach with Morrie Ryskind

EDWIN McDOWELL

The most deafening silence of recent years occurred a few days after John F. Kennedy, speaking in Hollywood a year ago, delivered his scathing attack on "right-wing extremists." Exhilarated by a lynch-Republicans political crowd, the President solemnly anathematized all those who criticize national policy during times of danger, and who attribute every American Cold War setback to treason on high. The cheers and the plaudits of the Liberal press had not subsided when all of a sudden Representative Donald Bruce (R., Ind.) dropped what might as well have been a fifty-megaton bomb. Bruce came up with the text of a Jan. 30, 1949 speech by Rep. John F. Kennedy, delivered—of all places!—in Salem, Massachusetts, wherein Mr. Kennedy denounced FDR's "confused and vacillating" policies and scored our entire wartime foreign policy, charging that "what our young men had saved, our diplomats and our President frittered away."

If President Kennedy was embarrassed by Congressman Bruce's disclosure, he need not have been. Morrie Ryskind, in one of his syndicated columns, came through with a face-saving explanation: Kennedy had never made that Salem speech at all—it had been forged by Barry Goldwater on the very typewriter Whittaker Chambers used to frame Alger Hiss!

Those of us who have access to Morrie Ryskind's columns have got used to hairsbreadth solutions to thorny problems. NATIONAL REVIEW readers, naturally, have known Ryskind for years, since the very first issue, in fact, when he wrote of psychoanalysis, the then current national pastime, confessing wistfully that he remained "the only person of either (or no) sex who has written a Broadway show or a Hollywood scenario and has never been psychoanalyzed," and recalling that as long ago as 1937 he had been excommunicated from Hollywood society "for questioning the immaculate conception of FDR."

But you people don't get him every day, unless you live in one of the twenty-three cities where he is published, and I am sorry for you. In times of great stress, you need Morrie Ryskind.

Target: Lippmann

A favorite Ryskind target is Walter Lippmann, whose pomposity must have been a divine benefaction especially made for Morrie Ryskind. Not long ago Lippmann blamed Goldwater Republicans for a) forcing Wilson to continue World War I, b) dictating the terms of the Versailles Treaty, and c) giving Hitler, in consequence, to the world. ("Let's see," Ryskind reflected, "that was 1917-18, and while I always suspected Barry was a juvenile delinquent, I didn't know he'd started *that* young.") Lippmann recently seemed to be outlining the reasons why the U.S. should allow West Germany to fall without, of course, making it look as though it had been pushed. (. . . "Lippmann points out that free Germany is overwhelmingly Catholic, and East Germany mainly Protestant, and you can't expect people of different religions to live in peace, so let's cut the Reich in two and be done with it. Sort of Liberal apartheid, you might say.")

But while political analysis is Ryskind's forte, economics—especially the New Economics—also gets his rapt attention. After studying the national debt, he concluded that "never have so many owed so much because of so few."

It was undoubtedly Ryskind's fear of inflation that caused him to look with pride on Arthur Goldberg, then Labor Secretary, who, he said, was in effect issuing stern warnings to auto companies "who would cause inflation by selling their cars at a profit." But inflation is no reason to cut government spending. Of those reactionaries who ask where the government will get all the money for its welfare programs, Ryskind wondered plaintively, "Have they never heard of Johann Gutenberg?"

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After California's Governor Brown signed 2,227 bills into law in 1961, and proudly announced the state would benefit from those "diligent and imaginative" actions for many years to come, Californian Ryskind wondered how he ever managed to exist without those 2,227 new laws, and observed that "we could do with less law and a little more order." As a first step, he suggested that the state borrow from the Department of Agriculture and pay legislators not to raise any more crops for awhile.

Yet, for all his economic expertise, even Morrie Ryskind occasionally seems puzzled by the doings of the Keynesians. Once, while discussing Leon Keyserling's statement that our $110 million daily deficit is only a third of what is needed, Morrie wrote: "The economic theories of Mr. Keyserling have always fascinated me and I suspect he is the anonymous father of the chain-letter way to riches that had such a vogue a few years ago. It went something like this: You sent $1 to a friend together with twenty names and addresses; he then sent it to the top name on the list, adding his own dollar and twenty additional names, and so on. Eventually everybody got back something like $42,826.63, which is a fair return. There were some kinks in it, and right now I'd settle for my dollar back. Still, at $3 a throw it might have worked."

Manic-Progressive

In an era he calls "the age of St. Vitus' dance," Morrie not unexpectedly becomes impatient with Liberals (who, he says, "have become manic-progressive"). The typical Liberal, Ryskind said, "accepts the Ten Commandments as being good as far as they go, but he is certain that a thousand commandments would have been a hundred times better. The Lord meant well, but He had no ADA to assist Him." On occasion, he also becomes impatient with injustice and intolerance in other lands, almost to the point of becoming xenophobic. Not long ago he launched a scathing attack on English justice which, he said, is far inferior to ours. While we enlightened Americans allow the spy Judy Coplon to get off scot-free, and actually promoted Major Irving Peress, Ryskind wrote, in England "a highly respected official who, because of his conscientious belief that Russia had the right to know everything he did, is sentenced to prison for 42 years." For his political opinion "a man's whole life is thus ruined. Even if he should get time off for good behavior, his reputation will have been so besmirched that he can never again hope to make a livelihood at his chosen profession of stealing government secrets."

This xenophobia is especially noticeable in his writings about uncommitted, or neutral, nations (nations, he said, someone soon should commit). Musing on President Kennedy's increasing adaptation of U.S. policy to the neutralist line, he summed up: "No longer may America be the leader of the free world, but she will have an even nobler title: leader of the uncommitted nations." When it transpired that the U.S. would give "neutral" India $1 billion, in addition to some $1.3 billion in agricultural surpluses over a four-year period, he asked, "I concede we sent them Galbraith and that they have a legitimate claim for punitive damages, but isn't that a bit high?"

Ryskind is seldom more engaging than when describing his mail, samplings of which seem to be representative of every crackpot group in the nation. "Hardly a day passes in which I am not called a cryto-Communist by a discerning reader and a crypto-Fascist by another," he wrote. "Still, so far nobody has called me a crypto-neutral—and that's something." When someone called him a front man for the conspirators who drew up the so-called Protocols of Zion, Morrie retorted: "These eminent researchers have unearthed a new Jewish plot to take over the world and, as usual, I'm the last one to hear about it. . . . I'm a little miffed about being left out. I can understand the boys not letting a Johnny-come-lately like Sammy Davis in on the ground floor, but my folks have been Jewish for some 7,500 years or so. Why the discrimination?" Another time, when a letter saluted him with "a five-letter word usually reserved for the members of the world's oldest profession," saying he had sold out, body and soul, to "The Interests," Ryskind sighed, "That reminds me that 'The Interests' are way behind in their payments. Will they be good enough to remit?"

Discussing the Liberal assertion that Khrushchev would renounce Communism if only he could come to the U.S. and see for himself, he observed, "Nikita came and saw for himself—everything but Disneyland. He met farmers and workers and movie stars, visited Harry Bridges' headquarters and was entertained by Cyrus Eaton, Adlai and Eleanor. And I'm sure you've noticed the change."

So Long, Fidel

Ryskind wrote an open letter to Castro, just after Castro admitted he had been a Communist all along. "What's happened to your morals, Fidel? I do not mind that you executed thousands of innocents, under the sanction of People's Courts, because I know you can't have an omelet without breaking some eggs; I don't mind that you expropriated American property—after all, I don't own any shares of United Fruit. And I don't even mind that you bamboozled our State Department—who hasn't? But when you make blooming idiots of the *New York Times* and Mr. Matthews—who has just written a book reaffirming his belief in you as a progressive agrarian reformer—you go too far. There are some things we still hold sacred. It is a hard choice you have given me, Fidel. But, clearly, I must either break off relations with the *New York Times* or with you. As an American there is only one path I can follow. So long, Fidel, and please try to understand."

For the record, if we all end up on the beach, I hope the *Beach News* will carry Morrie Ryskind.

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Letter from London

Harold Wilson's New Look

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

When Mr. Harold Wilson succeeded to the leadership of the British Labor Party, there was a general tendency to talk as though he were now automatically the next incumbent of No. 10 Downing Street. A Labor victory is by no means as inevitable as that; indeed Mr. Wilson's accession has rendered it considerably less probable. Floating voters, who would have accepted Mr. Gaitskell, may jibe at him.

Rarely can a new party leader have been so deeply distrusted and disliked by so many of his own followers. Mr. Wilson has a shocking reputation for being slippery and disingenuous, nor has he been forgiven by the staunch Gaitskellites (who constitute the best element of the party) for having, as they see it, stabbed Mr. Gaitskell in the back during the great dispute over unilateral nuclear disarmament.

Mr. Wilson was elected leader primarily on left-wing votes, with a booster from right-wing Socialists who regarded the only alternative candidate, Mr. George Brown, as too erratic and inferior intellectually. Mr. Brown and the Gaitskellites accepted the decision with sour smiles and none too good a grace. Anybody who believes that the Labor Party is now a happy band of brothers is wrong. Only the prizes of power, now glittering so temptingly near, hold the party together.

From the very moment of his election, the image-builders went to work on Mr. Wilson. Away with the old, untrustworthy, leftward-deviating Harold. Behold instead, as Washington did last week, the new Harold, pipe-smoking, moderate, statesmanlike. The new image, however, is not proving very easy to establish. Although he proclaims his belief in the Western Alliance, people are uncomfortably aware that some of his most zealous supporters do not believe in it at all. He has already alarmed the West Germans by suggesting a deal with the East.

But so far he has been cautious about foreign affairs. He is at his best, we are told, in the cut-and-thrust of party politics; a sad boast, you may think. He has certainly been lashing out in a way calculated to scare a good many dissident Tories back into the fold. At his very first appearance in the Commons as Socialist leader, he revived the old bogey of nationalization, which Mr. Gaitskell tried so hard to put decently away. The Tories, of course, have seized on this threat and are challenging him to give details, a tactic which he describes, for some obscure reason, as "childish."

More unpleasantly, he has been exploiting the class war, sneering at Mr. Macmillan's relations and his Etonian education. I shudder to think what the progressive persons who find such jests amusing would say if Mr. Macmillan ventured to sneer at Mr. Wilson's council school education and lack of breeding.

Taxing and Spending

Mr. Wilson has also made menacing gestures towards "unearned" (that is, investment) income and capital gains; soak the rich and tax the lazy, is how his followers like to express it. The "Shadow Chancellor," Mr. James Callaghan, made the threat more positive by musing with approval on a possible "wealth tax" (that is, an annual capital levy), which would be imposed on anybody possessing $20,000 in cash, investments or property. This would be a harmless tax, Mr. Callaghan suggested, because it would affect only one in a hundred people; which seems a strange idea of equity.

When the fine words have been stripped away, the essence of socialism remains what it always was: taking other people's property and spending other people's money. The levies which pay for the Welfare State (and which the Socialists would certainly increase) are sometimes euphemistically described as "compulsory savings." But they differ in one important respect from ordinary savings. You cannot decide for yourself when a rainy day has come.

Freedom, unfortunately, seems to take a very low place in many people's order of priorities; this is one of the most worrying features of Britain's mood today. The Liberals, who used to consider themselves champions of freedom, have just voted against condemning the closed shop and in favor of abolishing private schools. The Socialists talk openly about controls and the direction of industry. The Conservatives talk more guardedly but think along the same lines; Lord Hailsham has promised "a much more radical experiment in social engineering."

As for spending more money, it seems to be the universal panacea. "A great deal of money," announced Mr. Macmillan, for once uttering a prediction which will certainly come true, "is going to be spent by the government next year . . . because there are great things on which we must spend money."

Every criticism leveled at the government, every alternative policy advanced by the Liberals and the Socialists, amounts to a demand that the government should spend more public money (except on defense, which is regarded as a waste). "Don't bother about the value of the pound," one commentator actually said. "The pound can take care of itself."

The adventure of standing on one's own feet seems to hold no attraction for a younger generation which is supposed to be adventurous and rebellious. The British taxpayer is more tightly squeezed than the citizen of any other Western country; but a call to throw off, or a least lighten, his chains has apparently no electoral appeal. I suppose Mr. Callaghan was right. Everybody likes to think that someone else will pay.

This climate of opinion is exhilarating to Mr. Wilson; it gives him a good chance of reaching Downing Street. In their new policy pamphlet, *Labor in the Sixties*, the Socialists have raised once more the old parrot-cry that private industry means "private wealth and public squalor." Would they really prefer public wealth and private squalor? I'm afraid they probably would.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

How to Get Rid of Good Professors

In a time when the demand for doctors of philosophy much exceeds the supply—that is, in our decade when the colleges and universities are bursting with students—some of our larger state educational institutions, curiously enough, have contrived to drive able scholars from their doors. One efficient way to go about this is to convert the professor into a machine-tender and hired hand. Lo, some haughty doctors of the schools, resenting this modernization, then fold their tents like the storied Arab and steal away—but not always silently.

Kirk

Michigan State University, East Lansing—that modern Academy or Stoa—recently paid off four such hired hands who were unhappy (how horrid, at MSU!) with the imperial policies of Mr. John Hannah, President. These wretches, cast into the outer darkness where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth (for of course MSU, the Friendly Campus, is the Elysium of properly dutiful professors), were members of the department of English, well-known scholars in their fields: Doctors David Dickson, Bernard Duffey, Norman Grabo, and James Calderwood. All four have fled.

Professor Duffey, who teaches and writes about critical principles, was markedly critical of "Project X," a wondrous new program at Michigan State, intended to enable that Behemoth university to jam in thousands more students from the boondocks, without putting any intellectual strain on the freshmen, or engaging any additional equivalents of Professor Mark Hopkins. According to a press report, Dr. Duffey said "there was a definite 'rift' developing between the faculty and the administration over the project [X], which suggests various means of using modern teaching methods and organization to absorb the heavy enrollments of the years ahead." And Bernard Duffey made it perfectly clear that he left because he felt that he and Project X were incompatible.

Project X, an "operational plan" explained in a twenty-page booklet issued by MSU's majestic administration, is intended to prepare the University for a doubling and tripling of enrollments. (All told, total enrollments already approach thirty thousand on MSU campuses.) The more the merrier! What's a student body of thirty thousand, or sixty thousand, or ninety thousand? They'll be snug as bugs in a rug on the Friendly Campus—the biggest matrimonial bureau in the world.

Bigger and Better

Where, the timid reactionaries inquire, will competent professors be found to teach these unmatriculated multitudes? Must we, intellectually speaking, expect President Hannah to repeat the miracle of the loaves and fishes? Will the hungry sheep look up and not be fed? Nay, not so: there's room for all in Hannah's hall.

In fine, Project X (so pleasantly redolent somehow of *1984*, that delicious title), otherwise known as the Educational Development Project, is equipped to provide the answers. Project X supplies efficient alternatives: closed-circuit television in the classroom, and teaching machines. Those obsolete high-flown scholars can turn the television dials and oil the teaching machines; and Big Brother John and other kindly administrators will beam into every classroom, via TV. After all, isn't Professor Mark Hopkins just as good on a screen, with a hundred or two hundred or three hundred fresh young faces staring at his simulacrum-face, as he would be on a nasty old log, with a nasty young intellectual on the other end of that log?

Yet you just can't please some curmudgeons. Professor Duffey (whom even Dean Paul Varg, of the College of Arts and Letters, confesses to be "a first-rate scholar") suspects that some of the details of Project X may result in "a throwing away of everything we have gained" at MSU. Fie, fie!

Dr. Duffey's colleagues were no less hard upon Project X, as they departed for faery lands forlorn, where nevermore will they share in the bread and circuses of East Lansing. Professor Dickson gave MSU's administration its unkindest cuts of all. How very ungrateful! For wasn't Dr. Dickson the first—and almost the only—colored scholar to be permitted to teach at holy MSU? He had even been allowed to rise, after thirteen years, to the rank of associate professor—this despite the sad deficiencies, at MSU, of his having graduated from a tiny hick college called Bowdoin, his being a Milton scholar (who's that guy Milton, Coach?), his being a professed Christian (for which sin I once heard him mocked in public by a MSU psychologist), and his being a Negro.

Seriously, Dr. David Dickson is not merely a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian, but also a Man. And manhood will not abide the likes of Project X. Most of Project X, said Mr. Dickson forthrightly, "will work against a first-rate teaching situation" at MSU. The faculty was presented with this Grand Design, from on high, "like a new gadget on a car." The potentates of the MSU administration "are going to force [Project X] through; be sure of that," he told a reporter. "Teaching machines and that claptrap" are not for David Dickson. And he went his way with a high scorn.

When President Hannah came home from Nigeria he found his English department reduced to a shadow of a shade. But who cares about that? In happy 1984, there will be ninety thousand undergraduates at MSU, and nine hundred closed-circuit television sets, and IBM knows how many teaching machines. Nothing is lost save honor, and learning, and academic freedom.

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Hang on to Your Hats

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The appearance of a new book by Willmoore Kendall, moreover the whole of it by Willmoore Kendall (he is given to working with co-authors —and, incidentally, to constructing sentences like the one I am just now struggling to terminate) is, off at the end, make no mistake about it, *the* event of the season; as he might himself have put it. He calls it *The Conservative Affirmation,* no less, a singular piece of impudence, of the kind that makes him endearing to his friends, and so outrageously offensive to his enemies (Kendall has a capacity for infuriating Liberals that makes this reviewer positively green with envy). As a matter of fact the book is not affirmative in the way in which the title suggests. Indeed the working title, *What Is Conservatism, and Other Anti-Liberal Essays,* was more suggestive of the contents of the book and even of the style of the author, which is supremely elegant, yet relentlessly barefisted; it is tortuous, yet you can plot a straight line from his first point all the way to his last, miles and miles away; it is apparently wordy and redundant, yet rigorously idiomatic and disciplined; involuted, yet infinitely bending: a style, notwithstanding the annoying personal mannerisms, becoming to one of the most superb and original political analysts in Christendom. We have all to be grateful that in recent years Kendall turned his withering analytical powers against enemies who are, for the most part, also the enemies of more orthodox American conservatives.

The Conservative Affirmation, by Willmoore Kendall. Henry Regnery, $4.95

I say his enemies are only for the most part our common enemies because Kendall's conservatism is of a very special sort. Some might even say it is custom-made. On the contrary, he would huff, it is All-American; and indeed he is a true son of the early documents of the Republic—as he reads them. ("American conservatives in fact have not acted otherwise [during the past generations] than they would if they had made the *Federalist* their political Bible, and lived with it, steeped themselves in it, modeled themselves upon it . . .") Kendall is in varying degrees tolerant of contemporary improvisations on American conservatism as stressed by his colleagues, but he insists that theirs are largely arbitrary accretions on a conservatism that is quite adequately embodied in the statecraft of the Framers: and thus he warns us in his opening pages that his book will not "do business" with Calhoun; or with Babbitt; or More: and later he amiably dismisses Russell Kirk (who when he dabbles in American conservative theory does so as "a historian doubling in brass") and Stanton Evans ("a very brilliant young man having his first go at these matters"). Kendall's conservatism—which is at no point to be differentiated from American Conservatism, remember—requires that one disregard much of the recent work of James Burnham in *Congress and the American Tradition,* most particularly Burnham's pessimism about the seepage of power from the legislative to the executive branch. America's is a "principled" conservatism but not a "doctrinaire" conservatism; a point, he says, Frank Meyer ought to pick up and learn, some day, soon. Kendall's Betsy-Ross conservatism "has sworn no vow of absolute fidelity either to free enterprise à la von Mises, or to a certain list of 'rights' à la John Chamberlain, or to a certain holy trinity of government functions à la (I must mention him again, for he is a great though lovable sinner) Frank Meyer, or to a revolving-door mistrust of political authority à la Frank Chodorov." Nor does he tolerate such "absurdities" as a veneration for the Bill of Rights, overemphasis "(as with Kirk, Meyer, and Evans)" on the "role of religious belief in conservatism" (Kendall is himself a Catholic); nor the "near-neurosis (as with Frank Meyer, perhaps with William Buckley) about governmental power and so to the cult of weak government."

WHAT then *is* conservatism in America? It is, says Kendall, the continuing struggle to maintain the kind of society projected by the authors of the *Federalist Papers* against the ideological irruptions of modern man. There are many battlegrounds. Perhaps the first of these, he says, is on the matter of egalitarianism, which must never be confused with the "equality" honored in the Declaration of Independence. The passion to level, he points out, could affect the whole character of our society. Because, it being so that men are unequal other than before the eyes of God and the courts, the struggle to effect a synthetic equality must end up mustering all the coercive powers of gigantic government. (It takes a *lot* of laws to square a circle.)

The equality of the Declaration, explains Kendall, *is the equality to which, say, Abraham Lincoln was born—an equality that conferred upon him merely an equal right to compete with his fellow-men in the race, as we run it here in America, for whatever prize he in his equality chose to go after. Not so the egalitarianism of the Liberals. It must pick Lincoln up at dawn in a yellow bus with flashing lights, so saving him shoeleather, whisk him off to a remote consolidated school, feed him a free lunch, educate him for democracy, protect him from so-*

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called concentrations of social and economic power, eke out his income by soaking the rich, doctor him, hospitalize him, and, finally, social-work him—if, as he probably will now, he turns into a juvenile delinquent.

Equality, by offering him the rewards of self-reliance, encourages him to become, above all—self reliant; egalitarianism encourages him to learn to play the angles. Revolutionary? Yes indeed, and in a threefold sense: revolutionary, because give the Liberals their way and the American social order will not bear even a cousinly resemblance to that which is traditional among us; revolutionary, because the revolution must go on and on forever, since if you are in the business of making people equal there is and can be no stopping-place; revolutionary, finally, because the job cannot be done by a government of limited powers—any more, to use James Burnham's phrase, than you can use an automobile to dig potatoes.

The Framers, Kendall informs us, conceived a society based not on Locke's social contract theory of the acquiescent whole composed of political equals, but of something very different indeed, an understanding of which is needed to cut through the positivist arguments that seek to deify the Bill of Rights (because it is procedural), rather than the Preamble to the Constitution (which speaks of substantive achievements). The argument, Kendall points out, is a very old one, dating back to the differences between the Greek "conventionalists" and the Greek classicists. The one school holds, essentially, that it is the right of any given society to organize itself in any way it chooses with reference only to the lights and the desires of the majority: that is the social contract school. The other holds that it is the duty of those who govern to seek to emulate a higher order based less on rights than on duties: to strive for justice and good and aspire to conduct affairs of state with some reference to a natural, divine law, whose imperatives are accessible to us by the keen exercise of reason and faith.

That division, Kendall finds in perhaps the most stimulating and heuristic of all the essays in this book, is to an extent reflected in the paradox of the Two Majorities that govern American life, the "Presidential majority" and the "congressional majority." Year after year the American people send to Washington a President pledged to all kinds of internal "reforms" and external grandiosities, some truly idealistic, most of them merely redistributionist, reflecting the political egalitarianism augured in the social contract theory. And the same American people, on the very same day, elect a Congress—not exactly pledged, but more or less held responsible for preventing the President from doing what the people told him to go ahead and do. There is sound instinct in the people—embodied in such important institutional checks on plebiscitary government as the weighted franchise for the rural populations, the staggered senatorial elections, the principle of seniority, the filibuster—that keeps America from going broke in pursuit of self-serving visions decocted from the rhetorical extravaganzas of Presidential aspirants.

These institutional brakes not only embody what are in fact the sounder instincts of the American people, says Kendall, but also manifest the long political reach of the Founders, who have kept us neatly away from the contract-society which is the positivists' dreamworld. Thus Kendall concludes, *By remaining pretty much what the Framers intended them to be, the congressional elections in the context of the engrafted Presidential election, provide a highly necessary corrective against the bias towards quixotism inherent in our Presidential elections. They add the indispensable ingredient of Sancho Panzism, of not liking to be tossed up in a blanket even for high principle, and of liking to see a meal or two ahead even if the crusade for justice has to bide a little. And it is well they do; the alternative would be national policies based upon a wholly false picture of the sacrifices the electorate are prepared to make for the lofty objectives held up to them by Presidential aspirants. And executive-legislative tension is the means by which the corrective works itself out.*

MIND YOU, at this point Kendall is just warming up. He goes on to profane the central dogmas of modern Liberalism, whisking away in a few pages of tense analysis the rationalist hocus-pocus surrounding the Open Society and Free Speech, much as a doctor might brush away the fetishes and placebos of the witch-doctor in order to press his finger on the patient's pulse. The assault on John Stuart Mill, which Kendall identifies as the "center" of the book, is political analysis of prime importance. It is an elaboration of the central paradox of Liberal thought, expressed succinctly by Bertrand de Jouvenel when he identified as one of the "strangest intellectual illusions of the nineteenth century . . . the idea that toleration could be ensured by moral relativism."* A truly "open society," were it actually to be achieved, would be a society of un-

* ". . . The relativist tells us that the man professing opinion A ought to respect opinion B because his own opinion A has no more intrinsic value than B. But in that case B has no more value than A. Attempts to impose either would be attempts to impose what had no intrinsic value: but also suppression of either would be suppression of what had no intrinsic value. And in that case there is no crime . . . in the suppression of contrary opinion."

In Coming Issues

John Chamberlain on *Rumbles Left and Right*, by William F. Buckley Jr.

Garry Wills on *The Fire Next Time*, by James Baldwin

Louis M. Hacker on *Economics of the Free Society*, by Wilhelm Roepke

Guy Davenport on *Run River*, by Joan Didion

Also reviews by George Fielding Eliot, Sir Arnold Lunn, Melchior Palyi, Holmes Alexander

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governable chaos. In fact, there can never be such a society, or rather such a condition. It is supremely significant that those who believe we should move in that direction tend themselves to be monotonously conformist and vindictively intolerant of opposing points of view. Witness the long-knifemanship in, for instance, the super-Liberal federal bureaucracy and, most significantly, in our quintessentially Liberal institutions of higher learning; from a long association with which Kendall himself found out at first hand what all of us who observe *homo liberalis* know vicariously, namely that there is not a more intolerant species in all this wide, pluralistic world.

THE SATISFACTIONS derived from reading this book are difficult to describe. I would not go so far as to say that Kendall puts us in direct communion with the principal architects of American conservatism. His own presence is always there, as the intermediary who will not fade away; the exegete who finds himself gradually relinquishing his hermeneutical function in order to have a go at a little scripture writing of his own. You may follow Kendall or not, and either way you have not forfeited your membership in the conservative club. I myself go with him here, drop him like a hot potato there, and always deplore his baffling optimism.

But he is himself (never mind conservatism) *so intensely interesting*, so enormously bright—so eloquent in the most elaborate mode, so chockfull of insights and myth-repellents . . . He even makes sense, for instance, and for the very first time in America, of the whole McCarthy business (tempers got as heated as they got precisely because the fight involving McCarthy *was* a fight over Heresy.) . . . His chapter on pacifism is stunning—did you ever see a metaphysical argument walking? Well I did. And so will you if you read Chapter Seven . . . And a final section of reviews of, or rather love songs to, Eric Voegelin and Leo Strauss, Kendall's heroes, and very heroic heroes they are. And fascinating things said about Walter Berns, Clinton Rossiter, Harry Jaffa, Sidney Hook, Bertrand de Jouvenel, John Courtney Murray . . . Run, don't walk, to your nearest bookstore, and make a conservative affirmation.

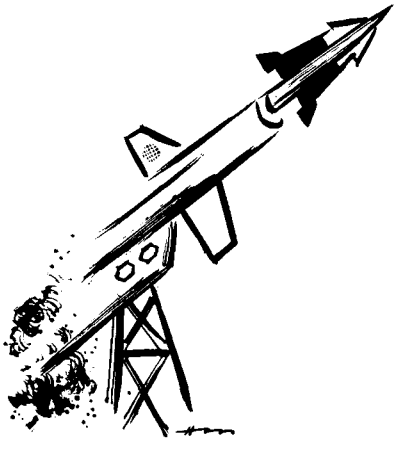
The Dimensions of War

JAMES D. ATKINSON

THIS BOOK is a singular mélange of lucid, often brilliant, ideas and incredibly naive ones. Mr. Strachey's analysis of the Soviet fear of provocation and Soviet caution in avoiding escalation into total war has hardly been better put. Thus he writes: "Russia gives the impression of being determined to have her way whenever she can, and of being not in the least averse to using force to get it, if she thinks she can do so without undue risk."

On the Prevention of War, by John Strachey. St. Martin's, $5.95

Equally, his cogent chapter on the arms race emphasizes that now and increasingly in the future, competition in armaments is primarily qualitative, not quantitative. This concept is most important since our public policy seems to be based on the idea that the so-called arms race is an interaction between the United States



and the Soviet Union. This would, perhaps, be applicable *if* the arms race were solely quantitative and thereby dependent on productive capacity alone. This is not the case. While the United States might be able to convince the Soviets that we can and will maintain superiority in production, it is most unlikely that they can be convinced that they are incapable of achieving scientific breakthroughs in particular areas, areas which might lead to a high level of weaponry, giving them parity and possibly even superiority, for some period. It is difficult, for example, to conceive how the United States could convince the USSR that it is precluded from coming up first with a defensive weapon such as an anti-missile missile—or an offensive weapon such as a continuously powered (or intermittently powered) non-orbiting spacecraft. Despite Soviet lack of the capability to produce an offensive weapon of this kind in great quantity, this could well render our present—and projected—numerically superior missile capability relatively unimpressive.

To turn to the naive, Mr. Strachey compares present-day capitalism and Communism and finds that "neither to be sure is by any means ideal." Certainly it would take a long day's journey to find a larger spoonful of pap than this, unless it be a later sentence that "Communism is just a very large fact of the twentieth century which has to be dealt with and lived with like all the other facts."

More dangerously naive is Mr. Strachey's failure to perceive the nature of the non-traditional warfare in which we are presently engaged. The war Mr. Strachey wants to prevent—this is the central theme of his book—is a *nuclear war*. Who can fault such a laudable aim? But Mr. Strachey's idea of "war" is a traditional one. Is it a proper guide either now or for the coming years in face of non-traditional Marxist-Leninist warfare? Mr. Strachey's "war" is posited on the premise "if war should come." It precludes the hard question: Isn't the real and present struggle taking place without the crossing of the peace-war line so familiar in the past?

A striking feature of the present world crisis is that articulate and prestigious public men like Mr. Strachey seem not to recognize the complex operations which make up the current conduct of "war." So great is their concentration on the purely military effects of nuclear weapons that they neglect their psycho-political fallout. "Ban the Bomb" demonstrations, "peace marches," and "strikes for peace" are as much a part of the weaponry of today's battles as the nuclear weapons themselves.

While ardent and high-minded men strive to prevent a future nuclear war, their society's destruction is be-

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ing encompassed by the very real but non-traditional warfare going on today. What *overt*, declared act of war could Mr. Strachey point to in Vietnam? In Laos? Has any open expeditionary force been landed in the current struggles in Venezuela, in Guatemala, in Brazil, in British Guiana, in Nicaragua? What *overt* act of war accompanied the building of the Berlin wall?

The Communist legions move forward with muted trumpets and muffled drums. They do not disdain the hardware of war, the missiles, the nuclear weapons, but they much prefer to exploit the psycho-political fallout from these things in attempting to force compliance with their will. What is significant about Cuba, for example, as a Communist *point d'appui* is not merely that it can be used as a base for directing missiles, aircraft, or submarines against the United States. More portentous is the fact that it is the intelligence and operations center for the conduct of non-traditional warfare against the United States and all of Latin America and the islands of the Caribbean.

The thought-processes reflected in *On the Prevention of War* much resemble those which inspire the policies of the United States and the other Western democracies: we strive to preserve "peace"; the Communists strive to win a new, a non-traditional, but a very real "war." Given the continuation of this pattern of thinking —and acting—the "world authority" capable of maintaining "peace" envisaged by Mr. Strachey may come about. But it may be the kind of "authority" envisaged by Khrushchev when he said: "When the last spadeful of earth is thrown on the grave of capitalism, we will do it together with China."

Subtle Assault on Academe

VINCENT MILLER

REVIEWING one's own is always an awkward task. John Ciardi solves the problem at *Saturday Review* by reviewing himself; and there is something to be said for this, at least in Ciardi's case. It is all too seldom that a writer gets the kind of critic he deserves. And, too, the joke is obvious;

***The Stoic Comedians: Flaubert, Joyce and Beckett*, by Hugh Kenner. Beacon, $3.95**

the danger of seeming partial is obviated, and the pulled punches less offensive. (Not that many punches seem thinkable among book-reviewers nowadays; they know their place, pray for peace, and read the dust-jackets.)

We might begin on the debit side: not out of partiality. Of late, as our great writers die away and the threat they pose decreases, the killing and dissecting critic has lost caste. What is worshipped now is the academic who can do away with works altogether, preferably by reducing them to so many permutations on a formula derived from something no more fearful than those everyday horrors to which we have already accustomed ourselves: the typewriter, for instance. Hugh Kenner's *The Stoic Comedians* takes for its thesis the proposition that modern literature is a result of the printing press. Gutenberg invented the printing press and the rest can be extrapolated: art becomes mechanical, voiceless, made up of "definable," re-usable, interchangeable "parts."

We arrange and rearrange these, says Professor Kenner, creating new artifacts for the presses to disgorge. It is a world not of existences—this flesh and this blood—but of standardized, infinitely rearrangeable "ideas": we love it, and Mr. Kenner's book satisfies the love. Its main perceptions are those of Walter Ong, Donald Davie and Ezra Pound, rearranged to create a new object for our reading. It is, moreover, made up of pieces taken out of several lectures, already synthesized in one way in one book, now rearranged and resynthesized to create another product for the presses to stamp out. Add the tone of "voice" and the result is strangely at one with the world it analyzes. Hugh Kenner compels respect.

But the respect is an odd one, not at all a simple matter of his embodying all that makes twentieth-century critics such detestable high priests of such a shabby religion. The irritating gyrations may be indigenous or may

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Earl Voss has been diplomatic correspondent for the *Washington Star* since 1956, where he was foreign news editor from 1951-5. Before entering newspaper life he was Public Information Officer at the Allied Powers' headquarters in Europe during World War II. He won the Washington Front Page Award in 1953 for interpretative reporting on the Indo-China War.

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not; but like St. Paul—or Joyce—to take two not very lovely personalities—Mr. Kenner is (let me use Mrs. Pound's phrase) "a serious character." And the vices, real or aped, merely serve to keep at bay those who are made uneasy by the underlying dedication. By their means Professor Kenner has forced into academica the most one can into such an amorphous medium. Readers of NATIONAL REVIEW can observe a similar phenomenon in his inserting into their magazine the best of current poetry, although its readers don't read it, or if they do don't like it, and despite the fact that its editors don't seem to enjoy it much either. But still it appears. Somehow the fellow *is* so deucedly hard to deal with. And when he is put down in one place (he seldom appears now in the quarterlies, whose editors and readers he has made uneasy beyond their tolerance), he rises like some strange phoenix and is still there, talking more sense than anyone about.

Everyone should wrestle with his book. It is short and relatively painless. I'd suggest ignoring *initially* all that is said of printing presses (it comes mostly in blocks). And I'd recommend blithely skipping all passages that seem unduly "complex" or polysyllabic, that sound as if they were written by a machine, or by some strange mathematical genius talking of a closed field beyond one's ken. Generally these are merely transitions between *aperçus*, bits of pontification put in to keep the irritated but oh-so-self-doubting academic quiet, while one gets him from A to B, when A and B cannot be "connected" by any means within his grasp. Pound cut such links out and developed a style that never got into academica at all. It's as broad as it is long.

What remains is more than enough to justify all the sins of PMLA and the *Partisan Review* rolled into one. (Guy Davenport's drawings alone justify the asking price.) Mr. Kenner is concerned with novel writing in an age that has, since the eighteenth century, progressively lost all ability to *see* existence as a thing of ordered, hierarchical pattern; which has substituted for a universe filled with luminous forms the bits and pieces of its own sterile, abstract, "fact"-minded, cliché-ridden ideologies—a drift no doubt irreversible and headed toward God-knows-what apocalypse.

In the last hundred years of this period, he argues, three artists have written great comic masterpieces by accepting, stoically, the limitations their world accepted. These three perceived how the printed page (which substitutes words out of a machine for the human voice embedded in and infinitely responsive to existence itself) and the novel form (from the beginning dedicated to reflecting with scientific "verisimilitude" the complacent emptiness and the blind yearning of its readers' fragmented and sterile lives) could be used to mirror the world that had created both. Thus they were able to image our situation by devices of our own creation, and with such saving *hilaritas* as to keep a place for sanity, even to reveal within our world's life-defying limits, always present—the more so just as we seem finally to reach each final dead end—that transcendence of being which both condemns and justifies its continued existence.

Such accomplishments, among other things of greater merit no doubt, require submission and genius. So does getting something of their significance into the closed field of academic criticism. Indeed, in an age when, typically, critics write—as I am writing—criticisms of other critics who seem only to academicize the criticisms of other critics, it is a veritable sign of grace. And if praising one's own can disseminate the good news, it is worth the try.

Then and Now

Meditation on Bergen Belsen

FRANCIS RUSSELL

On a lowering autumn afternoon that alternated spatterings of rain with sudden wan sunlight, I came again to Bergen. It is a village as moulded in its setting as if nothing had happened there since the Thirty Years' War. Some of the half-timbered houses still have the double-headed horse emblem on the roof-trees, the pagan protection against witches that would later evolve into the stallion of the House of Hanover. The inn courtyard is gay with polka-dot beach umbrellas over open air tables. But as I passed by, the umbrellas were drooping damply in the ebb of the tourist season. Already I could see the sombre green of the beech leaves turning to bronze. In the outlying fields the rye and wheat of the delayed summer still stood unharvested.

Four miles beyond the village, past the stone barracks of a British military reservation, is the site of the old Belsen camp. Now it is a memorial park. The stones on either side of the entrance are cut deep:

LAGER BERGEN BELSEN
1944-45

Millions of words have been written about this place, and yet the words have been little enough—pebbles added to a cairn in passing.

I did not see the shambles of the camp itself at the war's end although I did attend the trial of the guards afterwards at Luneburg. In that sedate courtroom with its imported British decorum, presided over by a wigged justice, the horror of Belsen seemed to lose its actuality as it became a matter of forensic debate. The red caps of the military police formalized the proceedings—so much more restrained than the bombastic white helmets and gaudy four-in-hands of American MPs.

A chubby British Military Government major had been appointed to defend the accused. Back and forth on his heels he rocked as he earnestly explained how it would be impossible for anyone at point A to shoot someone else at the angle of point B. How insignificant the lumps in the dock appeared: Juliana Bormann, the wizened brown hunchback whose delight it had been to set the dogs on the prisoners; Irma Griese, the blowsy

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blonde whom the British press had been trying to inflate into a "beautiful beast"; the others, looking much like recruits from the closed ward of any mental hospital.

At about that time—five months after the war—I visited Belsen itself. The bulldozers had long since shoveled the corpses out of sight, and the formidable rows of wooden barracks were occupied by DPs. I do not know where those DPs were from or what their nationality was, but they were a surly lot—and for that I did not blame them at all. I believe they were running the black market for miles around—and for that I could not blame them either. That same month I intended to come back and interview some of them, but not for another sixteen years was I to see Bergen Belsen again.

THOSE long-since dispersed DPs have, I hope, found homes and some contentment in other parts of the world. Now there is no trace of barracks or cell left in the whole flat sandy area that was the concentration camp, nothing but the level monotony of the Luneburg heath stretching away to the horizon. On the afternoon that I was there the heather was still in bloom, its mauve-tinged passivity scored by the turbulence of the grey cloud-rack. Everywhere the heather, decently covering the past with its badge of mourning. There is a certain grandeur to the heath that is enhanced by its very monotony. In the middle distance I could see a few evergreens, and directly in front of me the memorial obelisk looming very white against the gathering darkness of the afternoon.

Behind the obelisk is a long high wall of polished stone with inscriptions in German, English, Hebrew, Russian, French, Italian and Latin. Beyond the obelisk are the funeral mounds, purple with massed heather —and nothing more than the marker: 500 Dead Lie Here; 1,000; 1,500; 2,500. Then the heath begins again, interrupted here and there by small gravestones. They mark no individual graves, for there are none such in Belsen, but those living who wish to preserve a dear name from anonymity may do so with a single stone. Since there are not many such stones, they break the mass of the heath without intruding.

Neat gravel paths lead from the obelisk past the heather-rounded

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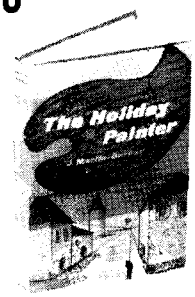

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mounds. The area is almost too well cared for, with that somewhat morbid satisfaction Germans seem to find in tending cemeteries. It has become a common Sunday afternoon excursion for the natives. On that gusty afternoon I noticed a scattering of visitors, in spite of the season and the weather. A middle-aged German with three children nodded formally on passing me. Ahead were two West German soldiers in their slate-grey Bundeswehr uniforms and wearing the jackboots that the Defense Ministry had just reintroduced. They strolled in a casual unmilitary manner, stopping to read the inscriptions on the mounds. I noticed a Canadian wife with her children from the miniscule Canadian occupation force (I could tell her nationality by her car registration plates), and there were other small groups with nothing about them to make one remember them at all an hour later.

THE SITE of the old crematories is marked by a large stone standing by itself. It was placed there in 1945 by the Jewish Community, and the words on it are bitter. As I walked freely on the heath under the enormous sky, with the free air about me, I tried to move my mind back sixteen years, to imagine what it would have been like if my own fate had thrust me into the compulsion of those demolished wooden barracks behind the barbed wire. Those were the things that happened to other people! Emotionally I still could not visualize myself forming one of those escalator lines to the gas chambers, ending as a part of those anonymous mounds.

And no doubt those who had suffered and died there must have felt the same way when they arrived, could not believe what was happening to them until the ultimate moment came.

Time passes, the heather replaces the horror, and the autumn sky arches over the funeral mounds. The bitterness has gone, but there is still a tremendous weight of melancholy that presses down on the soberly tinted heath. In the fading light of that afternoon and in that solitude, Belsen came to me as something much more vast than the concentration camp, no longer a sign of what Germans had done to Jews, but a symbol of what men can do to their fellow men.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE SILENCE OF HISTORY, by James T. Farrell (Doubleday, $4.95). A novel of experimental intent from an unexpected source. With stalwart patience, Mr. Farrell undertakes a complete account of the mental mutations of Eddie Ryan, 22, Irish Catholic, beginning student (in 1926) at the University of Chicago, and part-time gas station attendant. In Gertrude Stein's phrase, it is "a little description of the winning of so much wisdom," of Ryan's coming to see that growing is distinguishing between material ambition and intellectual aspiration. The atmosphere of his world—the leaden, meanly depressive airlessness of an Edward Hopper street scene—is well portrayed. Mr. Farrell attempts to give his story the pace and tenor of the glacial, silent process of real history, examining the living sequences of time at their natural pace, refusing to make any concessions to fiction's usual demand for "false conflict and drama." Informed with a strictness of vision and a mastery of verbal precision, such a tale might have become a worthy descendant of *The Making of Americans*. Sadly, however, there is little in Ryan's mind capable of inspiring a firm vision, and the prose is nerveless and banal. The first volume of a projected tetralogy. R. BEMIS

THE KENNEDY RECESSION, by Merryle Stanley Rukeyser (Derby, Connecticut: Monarch Books, 1963, $.75 paperback). The title, obviously chosen by the publisher, misleads: this collection of the eminent economist's principled arguments and *pensées d'escalier* covers much more ground. Newspaper columnist, radio and TV panelist, debater and author, Mr. Rukeyser brings a prism cast in a long life of accurate observation to bear on the rays shed by the Kennedy Administration. He makes good sense on labor policy, the gold outflow, Walter Reuther, executive privilege, farm policy, racial problems, consumer habits. (Under this last head he introduces the dramatic concept of Mom and Dad, who obviously save too much for the Galbraith theorists, even while they buy too many tailfins for the Galbraith theorists.) Not a book for the student in search of doctrine, nor for the professional in search of subtlety (despite the wealth of references scattered through the text, and unfortunately not captured in an index), nor for the conservative in search of a statement of economic principles. No, this is a fighting book, a declaration of war against the anti-reason and anti-history of the New Frontier. A volume that collects the facts and marshalls them to the discomfiture of the Managers of News. W. F. RICKENBACKER

BASIC CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES, edited by Carl F. H. Henry (Holt, $6.00). At a time when relativist philosophers and Liberal theologians are filling their audiences' minds with grand uncertainties, it is encouraging to read a book like *Basic Christian Doctrines*. Here are some forty essays, written in lucid language by eminent evangelical theologians —pastors, professors, heads of schools and colleges—from this country and abroad. Denominations spanning all the spectrum of Protestantism from Anglicans to Friends are represented. The editor of this collection is Dr. Carl F. H. Henry, who also edits *Christianity Today*, a conservative fortnightly with world-wide circulation, in which these essays originally appeared. This "comprehensive overview," gives non-evangelicals the opportunity to read for themselves a statement on conservative evangelical theology. Far from finding the obscurantism they might have been prepared to expect, readers not previously acquainted with evangelical Christianity will find evidence of both faith and reason at work; and the discerning evangelical layman who would know more about his church's belief will find his need met. *Basic Christian Doctrines* disproves the theory that in Protestant theology intellectualism can only be synonymous with Liberalism. D. B. LOCKERBIE

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To the Editor

The Violation of Arthur

Arthur Schlesinger's deep yearning to restrain publication of Wm. Buckley's new book and of NATIONAL REVIEW [April 9] itself is understandable. An artist at news managing of his capabilities merits the broadest possible canvas. Restricting him to press handouts, *Newsweek* and the *New York Times* would be demeaning.

But the deeper question remains. Has something private and sacred belonging to Arthur been violated? I hope the case goes to the Supreme Court. It will be a fascinating revelation of the creative judicial process to see the same Supreme Court that denied W. F. Rickenbacker's right to appeal on a question of privacy strive to reward Mr. Schlesinger for his multitudinous services to the cause of Liberalism. Mr. Rickenbacker had to describe his sewage arrangements in great detail, the Court decided. Will Arthur's right to restrain printing of any words he's said in public that he later recants be thus upheld?

Detroit, Mich. M. M. HILL

Psychiatry and Liberty

Dr. Szasz's article [Mar. 12] is to my mind a goulash of bad science, worse logic and preposterous sociology.

Yes, "mental illness" differs significantly from physical disease. A man fighting pneumonia, even a proven criminal, is socially harmless for the time being. But a physically healthy pyromaniac may set your house on fire or another "psycho" may decide that you have no right to live because you have blue eyes or for refusing to publish his article on squaring the circle or the *perpetuum mobile*. Such things have happened.

There undoubtedly have been cases of fraudulent commitments, but surely that hasn't been the rule. Unfortunately the reverse has been true all too often, a dangerous psychopath discovered only after some tragedy, such as a man exterminating his family, or planting home-made bombs all over town as was the case of the Mad Bomber in New York a few years ago.

Sayville, N.Y. EUGENE J. BARD, D.D.S.

Rusher on the GOP (cont.)

I cannot restrain an urge to comment on Mr. Rusher's enthusiastic article [Feb. 12]. My thesis is simply that "Goldwater for President" is an utterly hopeless cause—not because he would run a bad race against Kennedy, but because he will not dare challenge Nelson Rockefeller for the nomination. Should he be so foolish as to make that challenge, he will suffer a crushing and humiliating defeat at the National Convention.

The fact of the matter is that Rockefeller will be nominated on the first ballot, and will be given a "modern" running mate and "modern" platform. The Convention, true to the pattern set in 1940, will be dominated by the Liberal-Moderate wing represented by Rockefeller-Scranton-Romney-Kuchel-Hatfield, *et al.* Goldwater will be treated with polite respect—so long as he does not attempt to rock the boat. The consequence of Rockefeller's nomination will be a Republican Party led for the next decade, at least, by Rockefeller and his men. The American people, in 1964, will choose between two essentially Liberal leaders with almost identical bases of strength. Conservatives may confidently expect not only the re-election of Mr. Kennedy, but also the loss of their last opportunity for the foreseeable future to gain control of the Republican Party's national leadership. Kennedy Democrats, like myself, may find especial delight in the hopelessness of the Southern conservative position, vis-à-vis '64. Whom will the Dixie conservative choose, Jack or Nelson? What alternative to them will he have? A third party movement might capture a few of the worst Dixie states, but with no effect on the election result, and only to the detriment of Southern conservative strength in Congress. It will indeed be pleasant to witness '64's compelling proof of Southern conservative impotency.

Another acutely enjoyable experience of next year will be watching NATIONAL REVIEW come slowly and tortuously to the view that nominee Rockefeller must be endorsed, on the basis of that inexorable principle, the lesser of two evils. Perhaps Senator Goldwater's best bet is to keep his safe Senate seat in '64 and to hope that Rockefeller loses by so large a margin as to leave a vacuum of leadership at the head of the Party. Then conservatives could dream of a renaissance of Americanism in '68. Meanwhile, I can gloat with surpassing confidence in the abject futility of the Goldwater cause in '64. It seems only fitting to leave the Senator's supporters to dream of '68 as they will.

New York, N.Y. FRASER BARRON

On Prestige

Prestige is a word so frequently on men's lips that I suppose not even your janitor has troubled to look up its meaning. However, I came across

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it in my *Webster's New World Dictionary* while looking for another word and offer it for your delectation:

"*Prestige*: 1. a conjurer's trick; a sorcery; an illusion, a deception. 2. power to charm, dazzle or command admiration . . . 3. ascendancy derived from general admiration or esteem, commanding position in men's minds."

Now let's apply the definitions in inverse order and see where we're at. As recently as December 1960, the United States and President Eisenhower enjoyed an ascendancy derived from general and, I might interpolate, well-merited admiration. After the Bay of Pigs fiasco President Kennedy went on the air and with his power to charm, dazzle or command admiration arrived at the second definition. But now that he and the State Department manage the news, with truth the laggard and only occasional companion of untruth, the world acknowledges our prestige in its primary definitions—a conjurer's trick; a sorcery; an illusion; a deception.

New York, N.Y. ALFRED F. LOOMIS

Lest We Ever Forget

I was astonished to read of NATIONAL REVIEW's approval of Churchill's American citizenship and his designation as a conservative. Has NATIONAL REVIEW forgotten Yalta and Malta? Has NATIONAL REVIEW forgotten that Churchill was chiefly responsible for the unnatural mutilation of Ireland and the consequent civil war?

Had President Kennedy devoted his brilliant talents to help remove the scandal of Irish partition, he would be assured of a place in history with the truly great.

Los Angeles, Calif. FR. D. MANNING

Mallorca, Anyone?

A piece by Russell Kirk [March 12] appears to confirm a suspicion of mine that an unwelcome fussiness and nice-nellyism is creeping into conservative councils.

Mr. Kirk laments the Levantine conduct which he has observed among Americans living along the Mediterranean littoral, among them, excessive drinking and certain sexual practices which seem to him "debauched" and "decadent." While Mr. Kirk is surely entitled to either accept or reject the way of life he finds around the Riviera, I submit that his crotchets and strictures are not automatically worthy of inclusion in NATIONAL REVIEW; indeed, it may be a serious blunder to have put them in print at all.

I doubt that any reasonable man can make a good case for equating conventional Sunday-school morality with the political and economic tenets of the conservative. Certainly I know many accredited Liberals whose private lives are as starkly conventional as a Southern Baptist choirmaster's; and, conversely, there are numbers of bona fide conservatives whose credentials as *bons vivants* are unassailable.

Since Mr. Kirk usually writes about academic endeavors, it is reasonable to assume that he is widely read in university circles, and it is in just such *milieux* that our best hope lies for attracting young minds to the conservative cause. Now what kind of "image" does he present to these youthful hotspurs? I fear that he is apt to be taken for a hopelessly innocent and naive pedagogue who, having journeyed to certain Mediterranean isles, is unspeakably shocked to find the inhabitants indulging in the same delights of the flesh which have occupied them since the days of Caligula. Further, and much worse, I suggest that he may be marked as a fusty, crabbed old square who disapproves of boozing and wenching and is inclined to tedious sermonizing about morals and churchly matters.

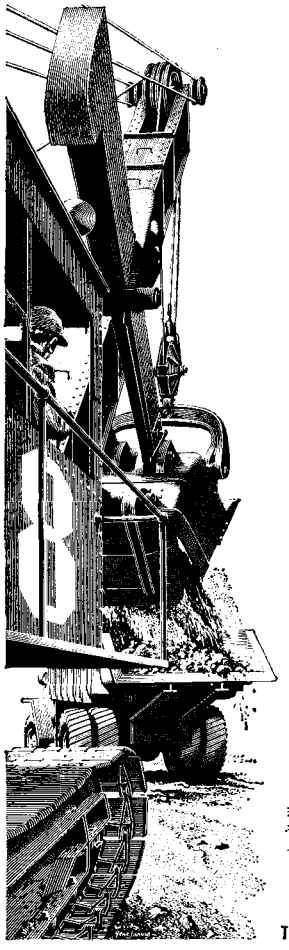
If conservatism becomes equated with Puritanism, (and the Liberal gentry are continually sounding this note), then all is lost, and we may as well throw in the towel and prepare to emigrate. Mr. Kirk can, of course, find refuge in Philadelphia. For my part, I prefer sunnier lands. Where is this Mallorca place again, Russell?

Los Angeles, Calif. ROBERT W. BLAIR, M.D.

Non Est Factum

Putting one's sentences in the hands of NATIONAL REVIEW's typesetters and proofreaders is becoming a form of syntactical suicide. I review [April 9] a book and criticize its clumsy English, then am forced to read "exerts a heavy tribute" in one of my own sentences. I wrote "exacts a heavy tribute," as anyone but the imaginative gremlins in your office would have seen.

Baltimore, Md. GARRY WILLS



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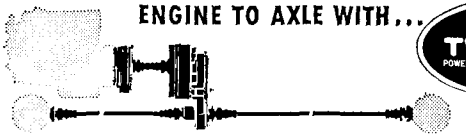

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This amendment will do what even the 14th and 15th Amendments did not do—it will extend the Federal power so to reach the citizen in the ordinary business of life. A hand from Washington will be stretched out and placed upon every man's business; the eye of a Federal inspector will be in every man's counting house."

Richard E. Byrd, Speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates, from a speech delivered in 1910 on the amendment to the U.S. Constitution authorizing a Federal income tax.

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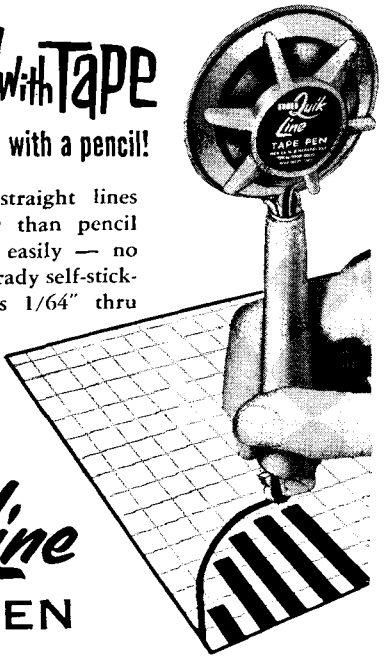

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Dig the Poor

Russell Kirk's article on the blessedness of poverty [March 26] (as long as it's the other fellow who is poor) proved a real eye opener. Besides making it clear (by both precept and example) that it is folly to be dogmatic in an area where one is uninformed, the article had the added merit of stating openly what NATIONAL REVIEW writers usually leave to insinuation. After all, how often can you find someone protesting that we had better make sure the poor stay poor lest the rich find themselves suddenly deprived of an object for their charity?

The idea too that any attempt to alleviate the misery of the poor is necessarily a vote for a Marxist set of values may prove a bit unpalatable. Probably most Christians, taking a cue from Pope Leo XIII, will insist that it is "a most sacred law of nature" that men possess "whatever is necessary to keep themselves decently from want and misery."

Washington, D.C. DENIS DENNEHY, S. J.

(Continued from p. 313)

running. And Goldwater tends to agree with that estimate.

The situation is probably fortuitous. I personally doubt that Goldwater was giving serious thought to the Presidency during his big speaking splurge in 1961 and even earlier, when, as chief of the GOP Senate Campaign Committee, he developed a warm, first-name relationship with practically every Republican leader in the country. But if he had been running, he couldn't have gone about it in a better way. Now Rockefeller is finding that Goldwater's popularity with the organization is a self-sustaining kind of thing that needs no activating cues from Washington. Quite the contrary: in recent weeks Goldwater has had to intervene personally in three states—Wisconsin, Nebraska and Ohio—to prevent spontaneous party rebellions against Rockefeller appearances!

In a word, those once-available escape hatches for the conscience of conservatism's putative leader are filling up fast, and Goldwater knows it. It's a free country, and Jones has a constitutional right *not* to run for President, but the odds looked awfully long last week against Barry Goldwater's invoking the privilege.

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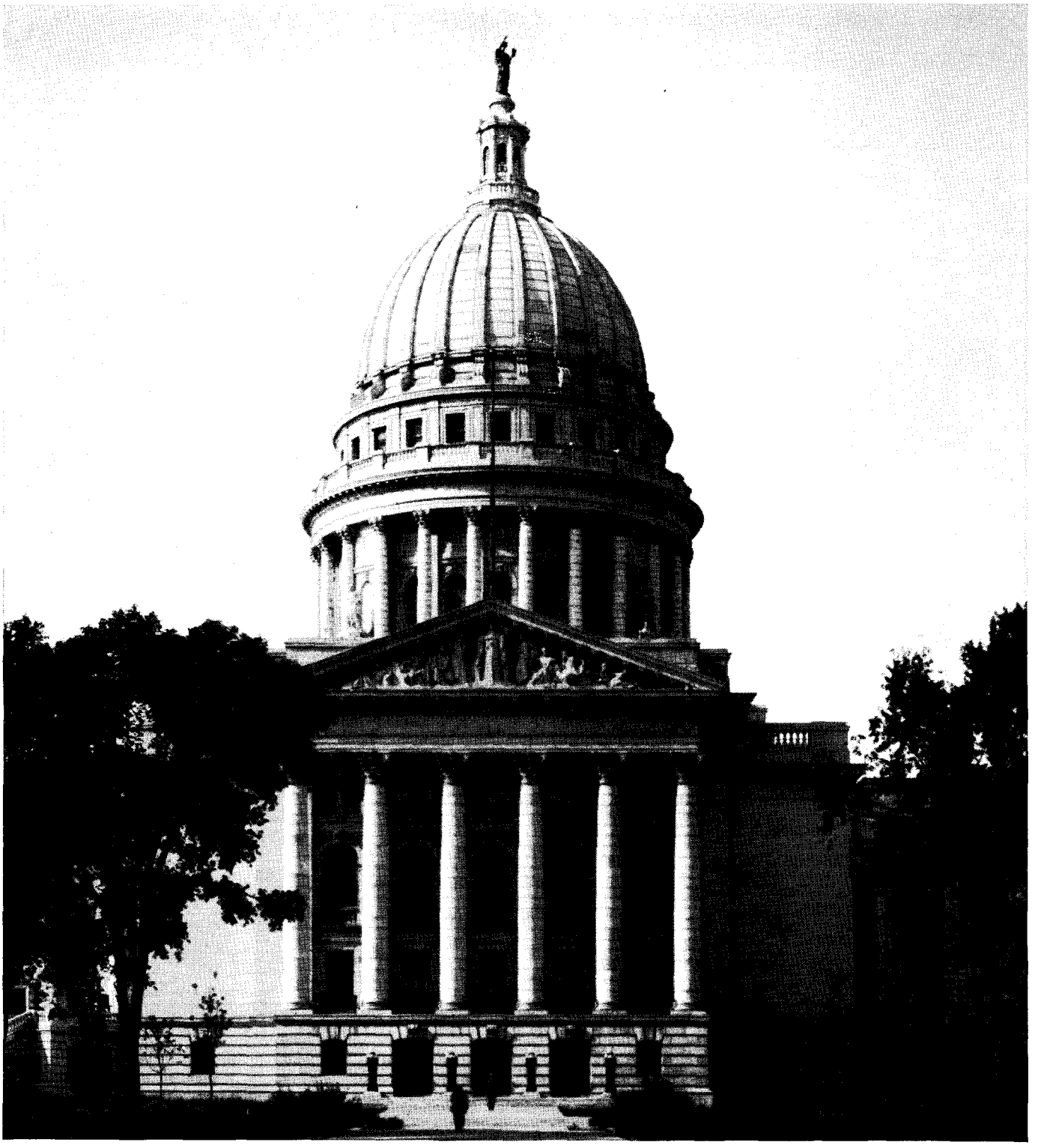

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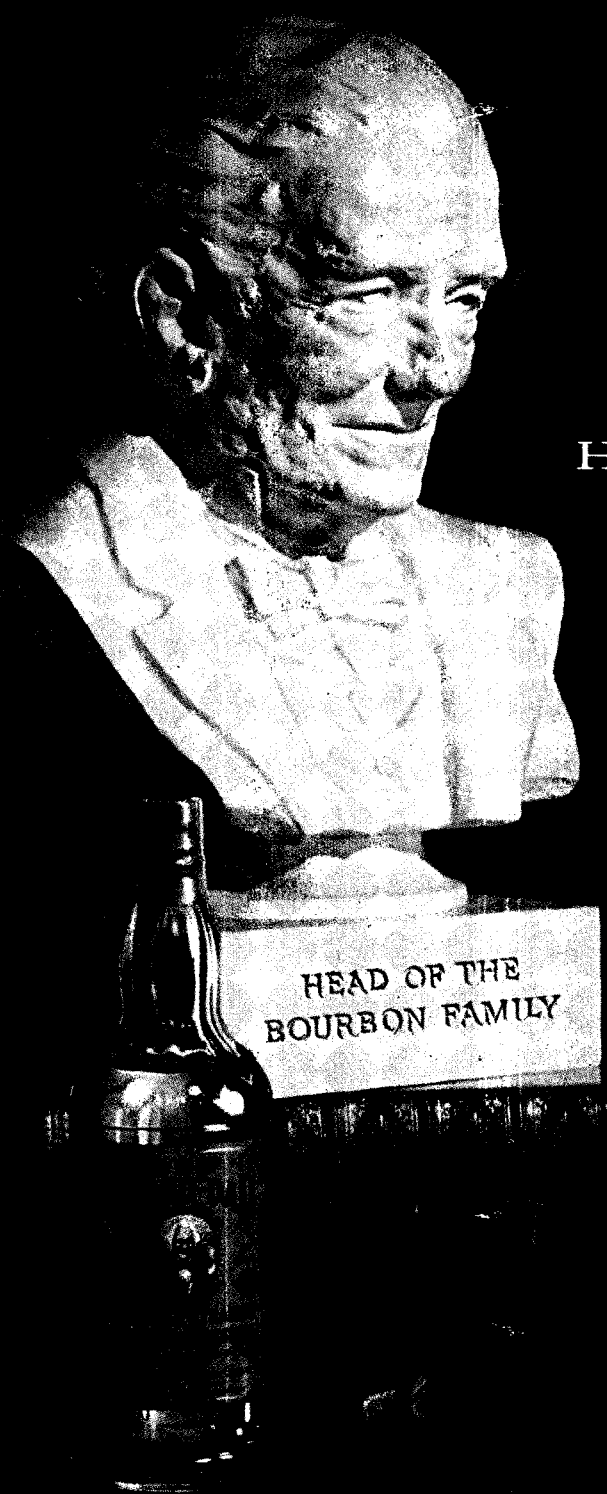

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